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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

NOTES FROM THE WORLD OF ART IN AMERICA AND EUROPE, WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF REPRESENTATIVE PAINTINGS.

A REJECTED BACCHANTE.

The managers of the Boston Public Library have been somewhat sharply criticised for declining the figure of a Bacchante, by Macmonnies, offered them for the center piece of the fountain in the inner court of their splendid building. While recognizing the statue's "remarkable technical merits," they reported that they considered it unsuitable for its proposed location.

We do not think they deserve censure for such a view of the Bacchante, of which New Yorkers may have seen a small copy exhibited in a Fifth Avenue shop window. It is an exceedingly clever piece of work, but the subject is scarcely a pleasant and certainly not an edifying one. It represents a woman in an advanced state of exhilaration, and innocent of clothes. In one hand she waves aloft a bunch of grapes, while on



"At Low Tide."

From the painting by H. W. Mendez.



"Pleasant Thoughts."

From the painting by P. E. Mesylin.



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"The Fisherman's Return."

From the painting by Smith Hald—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 25th St., New York.



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"Soft Persuasion."

From the painting by Arthur Elsie—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 22d St., New York.

the other arm an infant is precariously balanced. We do not believe in prudish views upon the vexed question of the nude in art, but we do not regard a realistic study of inebriety—for such the Bacchante is—as an appropriate ornament for the fountain

of an institution whose primary purpose is educational.

Word comes from Paris that Puvis de Chavannes has finished the last of his decorations for the Boston Library. French critics pronounce the new paintings to be



"The Infancy of Christ."
From the painting by Maurice.



"He Loves You!"

From the painting by Edouard Bion.

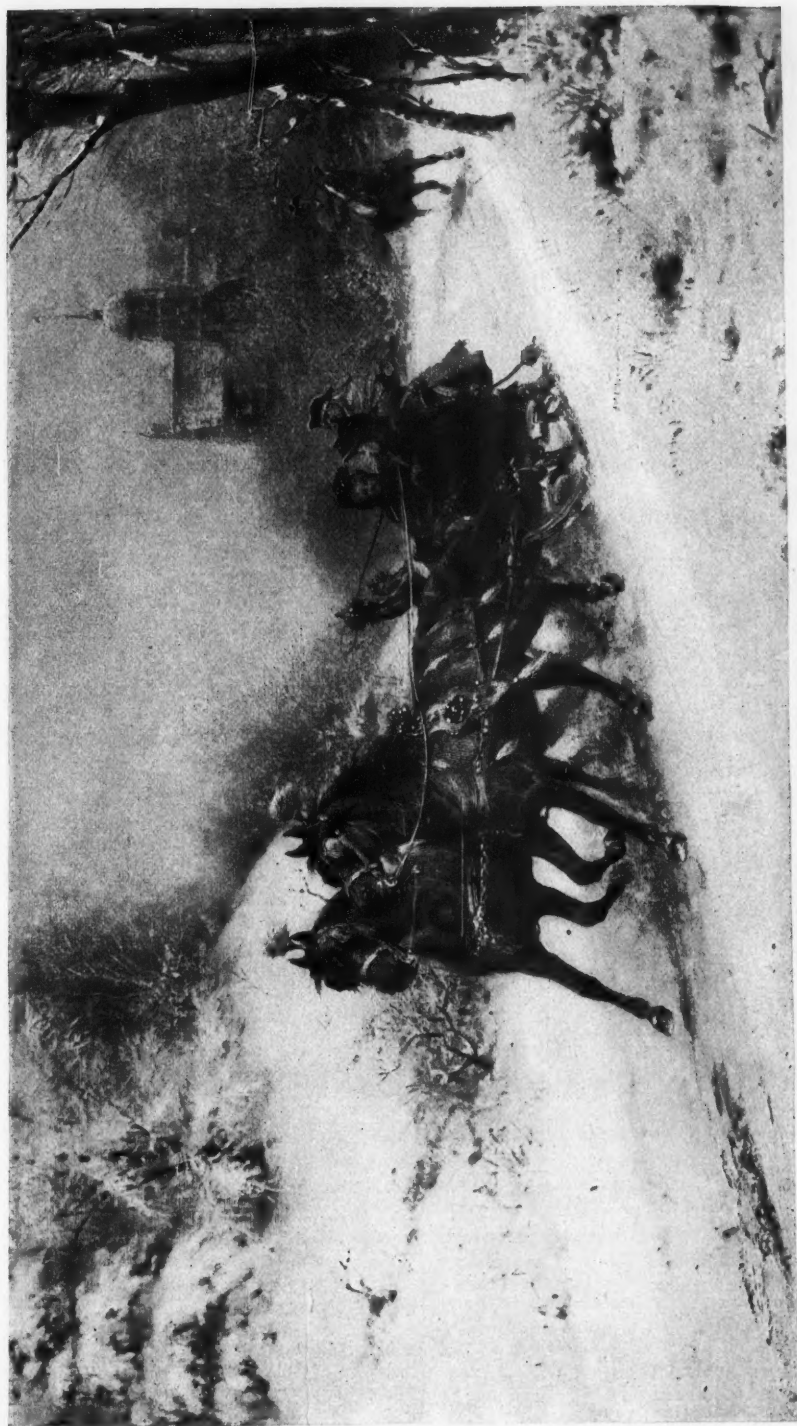
his masterpiece. In America, there may be dissenting opinions, as there have been with regard to the veteran's earlier work.

AMERICAN ARTISTIC PRODUCTS.

The familiar saying that the prophet finds most honor abroad is suggested by the report that the South Kensington Museum has acquired a collection of the glass work made by Charles L. Tiffany, of New York. This is the fourth, at least, that has gone to

Europe, previous purchasers being the Luxembourg, the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and the Industrial Art Museum in Berlin; but in this country we believe that only one institution, the National Museum at Washington, possesses specimens.

The Tiffany glass and the Rookwood pottery are the two most original and characteristic of American artistic products: The fact that both of them are profitable business enterprises need not rob them of the atten-



"The Start from the Castle."
From the painting by O. Erdmann.



"Nymphs in Arcady."

From a photograph by Block after the painting by D. Sawve.

tion they deserve from the standpoint of art. They are eminently *fin de siècle* in that they represent the application of the highest technical aims and methods to purposes of practical utility. In this age of industrial competition, artistic intelligence is a force only second to that of mechanical invention, and no less deserving of recognition. In inventiveness Americans admittedly excel;

of the artistic quality we claim less—perhaps too little. We are too much given to waiting for foreign approval of American products and ideas.

SCRATCHED PAINTINGS.

Two pictures—one of them a Lely—in the National Portrait Gallery in London were badly scratched, the other day, by



"Idle Hours."
From the painting by Jacques-Louis Chouet. Paris.



"Regrets."

From the painting by Beaury-Sauvel.

some vulgar vandal. An individual of alleged civilization could scarcely indulge in any more offensive piece of purposeless folly than such an act of destructive mischief. And yet many pictures, in many places, have been similarly defaced. One was Alma Tadema's well known "Reading from Homer," which was scratched while on ex-

hibition at the Royal Academy in 1885. The canvas was, of course, repaired by the artist, and now belongs to Mr. Henry G. Marquand, of New York, who exhibited it for some time at the Metropolitan Museum.

Pictures have been injured from other motives than that of mere mischief. Three



"The Awakening of the Day"

From the painting by M. Lard.



"A Maid of France."

From the painting by L. Barrau.

years ago, at a European exhibition, a figure was cut bodily out of a painting by Sinibaldi, and carried off by some covetous admirer. The thief might almost as well have gone a little further, and taken the entire canvas, as did the larcenous connoisseur who cut the lost "Duchess of Devonshire" out of its frame in a London gallery twenty years ago. Another instance oc-

curred at the Salon of 1892, when Vibert's "Malade Imaginaire" was slashed, supposably by a doctor who resented the picture's fancied insult to his profession. Political rancor was no doubt responsible for an attack upon a portrait of Mr. Gladstone exhibited some years ago in London. We do not recall any similar piece of vandalism in this country.



THE LITTLE PRINCES AND PRINCESSES OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE—BOYS AND GIRLS OF TODAY IN WHOSE HANDS MAY LIE THE MAKING OF THE HISTORY OF TOMORROW.

THE child being father to the man, the wise student of our life and times cannot afford to neglect a thorough understanding of the influences that are creating the minds of the future men and women who will sit on the thrones of Europe, or stand close beside them.

The Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, who is so potent a factor in making the history of the day, is just the man that a student of his childhood would have expected to see him become. The historian is fond of prophesying, but he can do so to advantage only when he thoroughly knows his premises. The Kaiser's eldest son will, in the natural course of events, be the ruler of a more powerful and more highly developed people than that which saw his father crowned, and the present indications are that he will be more ready to meet latter day conditions than that erratic monarch has shown himself.

The Kaiser has six sons and one daughter. Oddly, the sixth son is the favorite of the Berlin people, because he happened to be born in the capital, while all his brothers first saw the light at Potsdam. They call him *das Berliner Kind*. When he was christened, his parents made a great event of the occasion, distributing



Princess Victoria Alice of Battenberg.

From a photograph by Brandesph, Darmstadt.



The Kaiser and His Six Sons.

From a photograph by Schaarwachter, Berlin.

gifts to thousands of the children of the city who are destined to grow up and become his subjects. Field Marshal Von Moltke, who was the only personage not of royal blood who stood about the font, was godfather to the infant prince, and held him as the great Duke of Wellington held the Duke of Connaught on his christening day.

Friedrich Wilhelm, the young crown prince, is now fourteen, and carries himself with all the manners of a young man. He has the appearance and some of the ways of the Hohenzollerns, but he inherits less from his impetuous father than from his silent, thoughtful grandfather. They tell innumerable stories of him in Berlin. He was quite a little fellow when his father and Prince Bismarck had their historic falling out. It was supposed to be a subject which people would hesitate to discuss, but it was in the

air, and the little crown prince had an inkling of it. The emperor and empress are in the habit of dining with their children when they have no state function on hand. On the night after the great chancellor's resignation, Fritz electrified the family by remarking:

"They say you have run off Prince Bismarck and can have your own way now, father. I know you will like that!"

The Kaiser believes in a nation of soldiers, and his sons are being brought up to be "men of iron."

People who know the crown prince say that his father is fostering a spirit that will eventually, by its power and calmness, conquer the emperor's erratic spirit. The boy is slow of development, but day by day he gains in intelligence.

It was a striking scene when the little

prince was made lieutenant on his tenth birthday. It was no child's play to the emperor, to whom the divine right of kings is a creed. He had called out every male representative of the imperial family, and all the prominent officers of the government,

German army. As the review marched past the empress, it was a comical sight, and to some people a pathetic one, to see the eager little fellow running along to keep up with the step of the giant grenadiers. The prince was presented to the



The Emperor of Germany and His Daughter, Princess Victoria Louise.

From a photograph by Scharwachter, Berlin.

to witness the installation. The regiment was drawn up in a hollow square in the Lustgarten. Suddenly the Kaiser and his son appeared, surrounded by all the princes. The Kaiser made a speech in which he said that he wished his son to have the discipline of the army, and recalled the day when he, under the eyes of his father and grandfather, had made his appearance there. The young prince then advanced and with drawn sword presented himself to the captain of the company, Von Pluskow, who happened to be the tallest man in the whole

other officers as to a comrade, and that night he made his first appearance at a state dinner.

Some of the boy's characteristics have been much commented upon by German newspapers. He is the drillmaster of his younger brothers, and has shown himself somewhat of a martinet. Last summer the boys went traveling, with a tutor, but it was Fritz who made the rules, even to the amount of wine that should be drunk. A few years ago, when the young princes returned from their drive one afternoon at a

very rapid pace, the palace guard had to turn out in a great hurry. One private ran to his place without his rifle. Fritz immediately reported him to the officer in charge, with the result that the soldier was punished with four days' imprisonment, and extra fatigue duty. The loyal newspapers

This relationship has—temporarily, most people believe—been interrupted by the Empress Frederick. It would be curious if William's daughter should be brought up upon the American plan.

One of the most precocious youths in Europe is the young king of Spain. He is



The Czarina and Her Daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga.

From a photograph by Pasetti, St. Petersburg.

lauded the prince's military spirit, but some of his future subjects grew thoughtful.

The little daughter of the Hohenzollerns bids fair to be the most spoiled child in Europe, and her future will be watched closely. As the only daughter of a powerful emperor, her marriage will have political significance. The present indications are that she is her father's own child, with all his traits of character. She will probably choose for herself, and make the court she rules over aware of her presence. Until quite lately an American lady, the Countess Waldersee, who was Miss Mary Lea, was the empress' closest friend and adviser in the management of her children.

now ten years old, and we hear of him, one day, as addressing the army, telling them how he regretted his inability to lead his forces in person to victory over the Cuban rebels, and on the next as having a violent quarrel with his mother because she refused to let him visit Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who was staying in the neighborhood.

The early pictures of the young king showed him as a thin, large headed child, who looked too delicate and sharp to make much promise of healthy manhood. But all this has passed away. The past summer was spent at the seashore, where the king bathed in full sight of his people every day. He has grown sturdy and wholesome, and shows

himself an adept in out of door sports. The boy's ancestry is decidedly erratic. Everybody knows the ways of old Queen Isabella, but not everybody knows that with her curious idea of the conventionalities of life she combines the sweetest of tempers and the keenest wit. These qualities the little king

"This king does," was the serene reply.

His sense of humor was often too much for his dignity, and he could not restrain a reply even though he knew it would get him into trouble. One day, driving out with his governess, he began to call to some children on the street. Finally she said:



The Children of Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia.

From a photograph by Levitzky, St. Petersburg.

appears to have inherited, along with the common sense of his Austrian mother. A Spanish king comes of age at fifteen, so Queen Christina's regency will last only a little more than four years longer. From present indications, there will be a very poor inheritance for the youthful monarch. But he is likely to make the best of it, if Don Carlos does not take advantage of the present straits of the Madrid government and wrest the boy's crown away from him.

The stories of the king are endless. When he was little more than a baby his governess reproved him for his table manners.

"Kings do not eat with their fingers," she told him.

"If you behave like this I will not ride with you."

Instantly the king called to the coachman to stop.

"The lady wishes to alight," he said.

There was nothing else for her to do, and she hurried to the palace. The naughty little boy was punished by his mother, but he had had his minute's fun.

The Spaniards feared at first that the young king inherited his mother's dislike of the bull fight, which would have been a national calamity. The queen, who is a gentle, humane woman, put off taking the boy to the ring as long as possible. It seemed a cruel sight for baby eyes. But the popular

clamor was too much at last, and he was sent to the arena. He screamed with fright, but his cries were stifled, and he was taken again and again until he has learned to like the sport.

The king's two sisters are still children in our eyes, but they have reached what their

Hesse, it was necessary for the new empress to change her faith. Few people knew that this was the result of a ukase of Alexander III, issued to debar his brother Vladimir from all chance of succession to the throne of the Romanoffs. The Grand Duchess Vladimir is a princess of the Ger-



The Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, Daughter of Grand Duke Vladimir.

From a photograph by Levitzky, St. Petersburg.

countrymen consider a marriageable age. Mercedes, the elder, who was Queen of Spain for six months after her father's death, and is now heir to the throne, was destined in her babyhood to marry her cousin, the son of Don Carlos, and stop forever the quarrel between the two families; but when the king was born, the match was scornfully refused. Mercedes is not so pretty as her younger sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, but already she has had two offers of marriage—one from young Alexander of Servia, and one from the eldest son of the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia.

When the Czar was married to Alix of

man house of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and has always retained her Lutheran faith. She is very ambitious, ruling with absolute sway over her weak and good natured husband, and the late Czar bitterly disliked her. Alexander always feared that his brother was trying to influence Russia in a German direction—a policy to which he was strongly opposed. Moreover, the Czarina and her sister in law had frequent quarrels over the latter's craze for gambling. The Grand Duchess Vladimir not only keeps a roulette table in her own house, but has induced several of her friends to do the same. She is one of the intimates of Chris-

tina of Spain, and it is probable that the marriage between their children will be arranged.

The Czar's young sister, who is now fourteen, is another princess who must soon be matrimonially placed. Like the rest of the family, she is rather plain, but she is said

a little while ago. She is as plump and pretty as a baby can be, and won the hearts of rulers and people. In Paris she made an entry at the Gare Montparnasse, in a carriage alone with her nurse. She sat quite dignified and erect, surrounded by the magnificent body guard of cuirassiers



The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, Sister of the Czar.

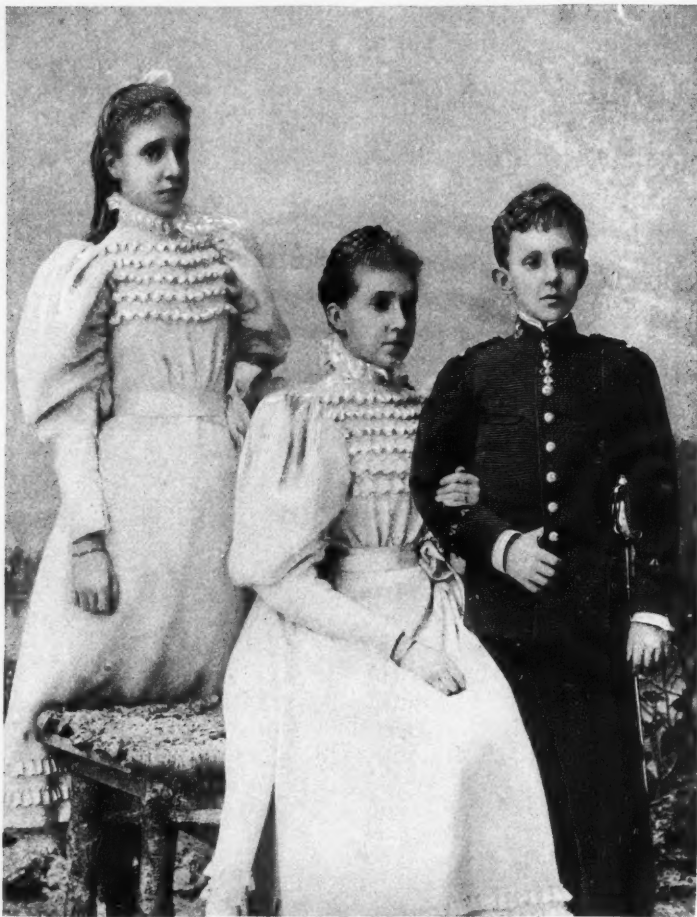
From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

to be the brightest of the late emperor's children. She frankly dislikes her new sister in law, and it was reported about the St. Petersburg court, not long ago, that she took her to task for her "impertinence" in making a rule against cigarette smoking by the court ladies, when it was well known that the Dowager Czarina is an inveterate smoker.

The Czar's little daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, was one of the most admired, and some people said one of the most influential members of the Russian imperial party when it made its grand tour

which is usually reserved for President Faure. She was in white, with her golden curls coming from under her white cap, and the excitable Frenchmen shouted until they wept at the sight of her. At heart France loves the pomp of kings, and a baby princess touches her quick sympathies.

It is said that Queen Victoria wears a bracelet with a place for a photograph, and that it is always adorned by the picture of her latest descendant. Great grandchildren follow each other rapidly in that family, while there are still several children in the third generation.



The King of Spain and His Sisters.

From a photograph by Valentin, Madrid.

The son and daughter of the unfortunate Duke of Albany, who married Princess Helena of Waldeck, the sister of Dowager Queen Emma of Holland, are among the pleasantest of the English royal children. Their mother is a clever and very popular woman, who has so practical a mind that she has more than once taken out patents upon useful devices. She and her sister were the daughters of one of the poorest of the German princes, and both married because they were obliged to. Both have been happier as widows than as wives. The Duke of Albany was an epileptic, and had not the proper amount of epidermis, so that his life was in constant danger. His children, fortunately, have the physique of their German mother.

The Duke of Albany died when he had been married only two years, and before the birth of his son. Queen Victoria published a letter expressing the gratitude she and her daughter in law felt for the sympathy the public had expressed, and on the day of its appearance she and her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, were at Darmstadt, attending the wedding of the Princess Alice's eldest daughter to Prince Louis of Battenberg. This marriage, as well as that of Princess Beatrice to Henry of Battenberg, gave great offense to the queen's foreign relatives. The Battenbergs are the offspring of the morganatic marriage of a Hessian prince, who took to wife a pretty lady in waiting, the granddaughter of a hotel waiter. In courts less democratic than that

of England they are regarded as inadmissible to the sacred circles of royalty. Personally, all four brothers—two of them are dead now—were fine fellows, much nearer the ideal of a soldier and a gentleman than

The Princess Beatrice and her children do not seem to recover from the death of the husband and father. These little orphans appear to be brighter than the children of any other of the English royal households.



The Duke of Albany, with His Mother and Sister.

From a photograph by Heath, Plymouth.

are most kings. Few royal wives, probably, are so happy as Princess Louis of Battenberg. It is not likely that she would change places with her sisters, the Czarina, the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, and Princess Henry of Prussia. She has few official duties, and she makes informal instead of state visits. Her little daughter and namesake, Victoria Alice, is a very pretty child, and a favorite wherever she goes.

It may be that the democratic blood which came in by way of that hotel waiter has sharpened their wits. One of them is the goddaughter of the Empress Eugénie, and it is said that that bereaved lady has made the little girl her heiress, to the dismay of some members of the Montijo family. But after Eugénie had been an empress, and had been called "cousin" by the Queen of England, all other relationships became of

minor importance. She has given some of her famous jewels to the child already, and has thrown about her some of the charm of her own ways. The imitative little Battenberg, fascinated more by the stories she has

children, because their royalty has not been too much insisted upon. Because a family happens to be made up of kings and queens, princesses and princes, there is no reason in these days, when enlightenment comes to



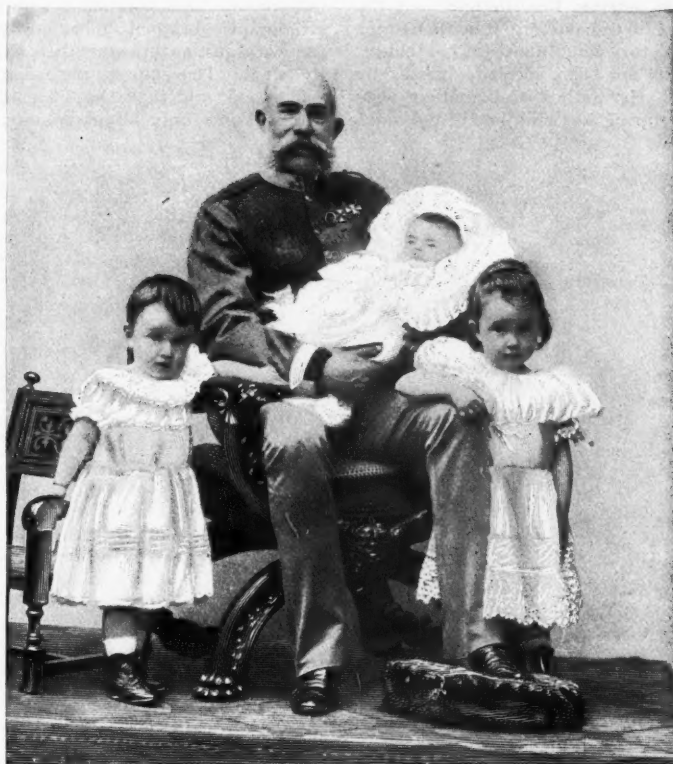
The Archduchess Marie Valerie of Austria and Her Children.

From a photograph by Erziwanek, Vienna.

heard of Eugénie's court, and of the gay and beautiful woman who was the empress of the French, has taken her imaginary godmother for a model, rather than the staid, sad old lady who is the Eugénie of today, and who delights in the child's naïve resurrection of her dead self.

The Battenbergs have been brought up more naturally than any of the other royal

the highest as well as the lowest, for their lacking a sense of humor. The way in which the Duchess of Edinburgh brought up her children has always been a joke among the English royalties. This princess was the sister of the late Czar of Russia, and she never for one instant lost sight of the fact, or allowed any one else to do so. She considered the Princess of Wales as a



The Emperor of Austria and the Children of His Daughter, the Archduchess Gisela.

From a photograph by Kreimanek, Vienna.

person of no particular consequence, and entirely disapproved of her ways in her household. The Prince of Wales told a story of the duchess' son coming to his uncle with his fists in his eyes, crying that a sentry had failed to salute him—he was six years old—and he wanted the man put in the guard house at once. The Princess of Wales taught her children to speak courteously to every servant and soldier about the place, and her daughter in law, the Duchess of York, is bringing up the baby heir to the throne in the same fashion. This unflinching courtesy has made the Prince of Wales so popular that there is a saying in England that were that country to become a republic, Albert Edward would be unanimously elected as its first president.

The face of Queen Victoria's third son, the Duke of Connaught, is often to be seen in some of the Canadian cities, a reminder of his visit to Rideau Hall at the time when his sister, Princess Louise of Lorne, was there as the wife of the governor general.

The duke's title was taken from an Irish province, those of his brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, representing the other divisions of Queen Victoria's kingdom. The same idea was followed in christening his children—Margaret, Arthur Patrick, and Victoria Patricia; but the names sit comically enough on these stolid, thoroughly Teutonic young people. Their mother was a daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, and they talk English with a decided German accent.

German blood is to be found in almost all the European courts. In Greece, the Duke of Sparta, who is himself the grandson of that German lieutenant who became King of Denmark, has married Sophie, the Kaiser's sister. If their son, the heir presumptive to the Hellenic crown, is as clever and strong and handsome as his father and uncles, he will make a worthy successor of the ancients of his land.

We heard a great deal of the Crown Prince

of Austria during his lifetime, but the world appears to have forgotten that Franz Josef has two daughters. The eldest, Gisela, has not been specially blessed by the fates. Her father and mother were separated during her childhood, and since

in February, 1892, was made a gala event, although the baby made her entrance into the world just as three members of her family left it. The empress pushed mourning aside, and said that the little Elizabeth should know only bright colors and sun-



The Empress Frederick of Germany and Her Grandson, Prince George of Sparta.

From a photograph by Voigt, Hamburg.

her marriage she has been a princess of the mad Bavarian court. Her husband is the son of the regent, but not the heir, and her sister in law has made her anything but comfortable. Her only solace has been in the education of her children.

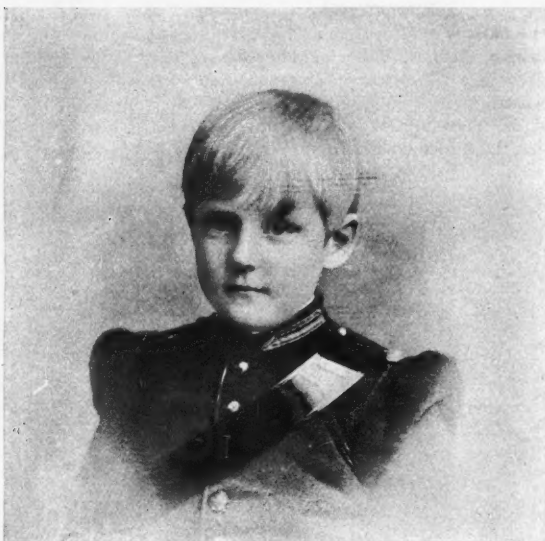
The emperor of Austria's youngest child, Marie Valerie, is her mother's favorite, inheriting all of her love of sport and outdoor life. Her marriage to the Archduke Francis Salvador of Tuscany excited interest everywhere. The christening of her first born,

shine. The child's mother seems to be the one happy individual of the unlucky house of Hapsburg.

And now it begins to appear possible that one of her children may rule in Austria and Hungary. It has been known for a long time that the emperor had this project in mind. There is a document called the "Pragmatic Sanction" which regulates the succession to the Austrian throne. A change in this would necessitate the consent of the powers of Europe and the parliaments of

both Austria and Hungary, but there would be no difficulty about this. The Pragmatic Sanction is the pact by which the Emperor Charles VI, in 1723, settled the crown on his daughter Maria Theresa and her heirs. There might be opposition in Hungary, where those who desire to separate the Magyar kingdom from the Austrian crown might seize the occasion for a move toward independence.

By the people of Vienna the subject of the succession of the Archduchess Valerie is often spoken of, and always with favor. It is well known that the pleasant faced young princess represents more to her father and mother, and to Austria, than most royal offsprings. While Francis Joseph married his wife for love, he has at times been notoriously untrue to her. It was years before the empress would believe



The Crown Prince of Portugal.

From a photograph by Camacho, Lisbon.

this, but at last she was compelled to take notice of the vagaries of her lord. She re-



The Duke of Connaught's Children.

From a photograph by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.

fused to see him or speak to him, except on the most formal occasions, and had she not been a Catholic she would have sought a divorce. The whole machinery of the Austrian court seemed to come to a standstill. The empress had always had enemies, and these formed cabals against her. It was

throne. The old emperor spends all the time he can with her and her children, and his most popular photograph shows him with them.

No child in Europe has had so bitter a struggle waged over his cradle as Boris of Bulgaria, now a sturdy little two year old.



Prince Edward of York.

From his latest photograph by Downey, London.

not a matter of weeks and months, but of years. Then one of the great nobles of Austria, a close friend of both, by infinite patience and tact brought about a reconciliation. The breach had been so great that the royal couple were rejoiced over by their entourage like a prince and his bride, and when the Archduchess Valerie was born she was taken into a place in the hearts of the people which she has never lost. Her marriage and the birth of her children have been national joys, and there is scarcely an Austrian who would not feel a thrill of gratification to see a son of hers on the

throne. His father, Prince Ferdinand, is the son of the Princess Clementine of France; and if she had not been determined that her son should wear a crown he might have been a very happy man, as she has an income of six hundred thousand dollars a year. In her insatiable ambition she spends most of this upon the Bulgarians, and makes her son truckle here and there in a way that by no means suits his temper. After endless nagging by Russia, and despite the strenuous resistance of his mother, who was backed by papal influence, the baby prince, whose parents are Catholics, was baptized



Prince Boris of Bulgaria.

From a photograph by Pletsner, Vienna.

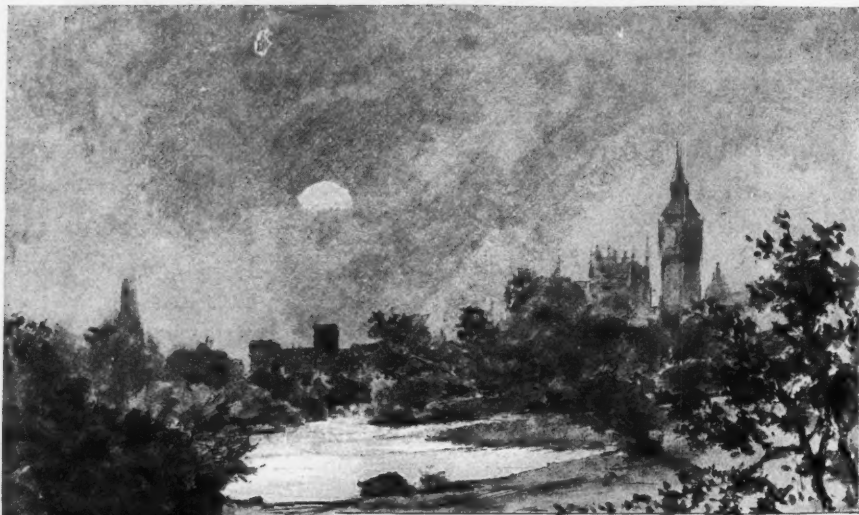
into the Greek church. Most people doubt whether the little prince, orthodox or not, will ever sit on the throne which his father has been obliged to rivet together in so unsightly a fashion.

The little Crown Prince of Portugal, the son of Dom Carlos, that stout, fair haired young man whose mother used to rule him until he married a wife, was born into a court with one of the most dramatic histories in all Europe. Under the wise direction of Queen Amalie, a daughter of the late Comte de Paris, an era of peace seems to be established at Lisbon. She is more masculine than feminine, and has steered the ship of state with a strong hand. The birth of her son helped her plans materially. Up to that time, the queen dowager, Maria Pia, who hated her son's wife because the younger woman took the reins of government from her hands, had often been mentioned as the organizer of a *coup d'état* in favor of overthrowing Dom Carlos and seating his brother

on the throne. But the baby prince conquered his grandmother.

It is the Queen of England, after all, who is the royal grandmother *par excellence*. She will have descendants on the three greatest thrones of Europe—Britain, Russia, and Germany, as well as those of Greece, Roumania, and several of the minor German states. Her grandmotherly influence is carefully conserved. She will not allow even the babies to escape it. Little Edward of York, her heir of the fourth generation, is constantly with her, and doubtless he will grow up with a thousand impressions stamped upon his baby mind by this powerful old lady. If she could call together, at this Christmas time, all the children who call her "Grandmother England," could set them to singing "Peace on Earth" as they clasped hands about the yule tree, and could imprint that heavenly message upon their hearts, the swords of armed Europe might be turned into pruning hooks.

George Holme.



THE CHRISTIAN

By Hall Caine,

Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I—V.

THE central figures of the story are John Storm and Glory Quayle, both Manx by birth. John Storm is the son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. Both his father and his uncle loved the woman who married the former and became John's mother, and jealousy has estranged the brothers. Lord Storm brings up his son for a career in public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church, and seeks a curacy in London.

Near Lord Storm's place at Knockaloe, in the Isle of Man, is Glenfaba, the house of Parson Quayle, the bishop's chaplain. Mr. Quayle's only son marries the bishop's wife's maid, a French girl, the daughter of an actress. Both of these young people die, leaving a little girl, Glory, to the care of her grandfather at Glenfaba. Glory has known John Storm since he was a boy and she a baby. At twenty she determines to become a hospital nurse, and when young Storm goes to London, to his curacy at All Saints', Belgravia, she travels with him to begin her work at Martha's Vineyard.

Storm is to live in the house of his vicar, Canon Wealthy, to whom he has been commended by his uncle, the premier. He finds the canon somewhat different from his ideal of what a follower of Christ should be.

VI.

ON Sunday morning John Storm's fellow curate came to his room to accompany him to church. The Rev. Joshua Golightly was a little man with a hook nose, small, keen eyes, scanty hair, and a voice that was something between a whisper and a whistle. He bowed subserviently, and made little meek speeches.

"I do trust you will not be disappointed with our church and service."

We do all we can to make them worthy of our people."

As they walked down the streets he talked first of the church officers—there were honorary wardens and paid wardens, gentlemen sidesmen, and lady superintendents of the

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floral decorations; then of the choir—which consisted of organist and choir master, professional members, voluntary members, and choir secretary. The anthem was sung by a professional singer—generally the tenor from the opera—the canon could always get such people, he was a great favorite with “the profession.” Of course the singers were paid, and the difficulty this week had been due to the illness of the organist, and the exorbitant fee demanded in his absence by the Italian baritone from Covent Garden.

Disappointment and disenchantment were falling on John Storm at every step.

All Saints’ was a plain, dark structure with a courtyard in front. The bells were ringing, and a line of carriages was drawing up at the portico as at the entrance to a theater, discharging their occupants and passing on. Two vergers in yellow and buff, with knee breeches, silk stockings, and powdered wigs, were receiving the congregation at the doors.

“Let us go in by the west door—I should like you to see the screen to advantage,” said Mr. Golightly.

The inside of the church was gorgeous. As far up as the clerestory every wall was frescoed, and every timber of the roof was gilded. At the chancel end there was a wrought iron screen of exquisite delicacy, and the altar was laden with gold candlesticks. Above the altar and at either side of it there were stained glass windows. The morning sun was shining through them and filling the chancel with warm red gules of light. Some of the pews were upholstered like stalls. Ladies in beautiful spring dresses were following the vergers up the aisles.

“This way,” the little curate whispered, and John Storm entered the sacristy by a low doorway like the auditorium entrance to a stage. There he met some six others of his fellow curates. They nodded to him, and went on fixing their surplices. The choir were gathering in their own quarters, where the violins were tuning up and the choir boys were laughing and behaving badly.

The bell slackened and stopped, and the organ began to play. When all were ready they stepped into a long corridor and formed in line, with their faces to the chancel and their backs to a little door at which a verger in blue stood guard.

“The canon’s room,” whispered Mr. Golightly.

A prayer was said by some one, the choir sang the response, and then they walked in procession to their places in the chancel,

the choir boys first, the canon last. Seen through the tracery of the screen the congregation appeared to fill every sitting in the church with a blaze of light and color, and the atmosphere was now laden with delicate perfume.

The service was choral. An anthem was sung at the close of the sermon, the offertory being taken during the hymn before it. The professional singer looked like any other chorister in his surplice, save for his swarthy face and heavy mustache.

It was the canon himself who preached. He wore his Oxford hood of scarlet cloth with black silk lining. His sermon was eloquent and literary, and it was delivered with elocutionary power. There were many references to great writers, great painters, and great musicians, including a panegyric on Michelangelo and a quotation from Browning. The sermon concluded with a passage from Dante in the original Italian.

John Storm was dazed and perplexed. When the service was over he came out alone, returning down the aisle of the nave, which was now empty but still fragrant. Among other notices pasted on a board in the portico he found this one: “The vicar and wardens, having learnt with regret that purses have been lost on leaving the church, recommend the congregation to bring only such money as they may need for the offertory and general expenses.”

Had he been to the house of God? No matter! God ruled the world in righteousness, and wrought out everything to His own glory.

Next morning he began duty as chaplain at the hospital, and when he had finished the reading of his first prayers he could see that he had lived down some of the derision due to his adventure with the old woman. That poor old bag of bones was sinking, and could not last much longer.

Going out by way of the dispensary he saw Glory again, and heard that she had been to church the day before. It was lovely. All those hundreds of nice looking people in gay colors, with the rustle of silk and the hum of voices—it was beautiful—it reminded her of the sea in summer. He asked what she thought of the sermon, and she said, “Well, it wasn’t religion exactly—not what I call religion—not a ‘reg’lar rousing rampage for souls,’ as old Chalse used to say, but—”

“Glory,” he said impetuously, “I’m to preach my first sermon on Wednesday.”

He did not ask her to come, but inquired if she was on night duty. She answered “No,” and then somebody called her.

"She'll be there," he told himself, and he walked home with uplifted head. He would look for her; he would catch her eye; she would see that it was not necessary to be ashamed of him again.

And then close behind, very close, came recollections of her appearance. He could reconstruct her new dress by memory—her face was easy to remember. "After all, beauty is a kind of virtue," he thought. "It lifts your heart up and gives you strength to bear the mockeries and insult which are included in the ensigns of Christ. And all natural friendship is good for the progress of souls if it is built upon the love of God."

He wrote nothing and learned nothing by heart. The only preparation he made for his sermon was thought and prayer. When the Wednesday night came he was very nervous. But the church was nearly empty, and the vergers, who were in their every day clothes, had only partially lit up the nave. The canon had done him the honor to be present; his fellow curates read the lessons and prayers.

As he ascended the pulpit he thought he saw the white bonnets of a group of nurses in the dim distance of one of the aisles, but he did not see Glory, and he dare not look again. His text was, "We are not of this world but of an everlasting kingdom." He gave it out twice and his voice sounded strange to him—so weak and thin in that hollow place.

When he began to speak, his sentences seemed awkward and difficult. The things of the world were temporal, and the nations of the world were out of harmony with God. Men were biting and devouring each other who ought to live as brothers. "Cheat and be cheated," was the rule of life, as a modern philosopher had said. On the one side were the many dying of want, on the other side the few occupied with poetry and art, writing addresses to flowers, and peddling in the portraiture of the moods and methods of love, living lives of gaiety and frivolity, taking pleasure in mere riches and the lusts of the eye, while thousands of wretched mortals were groveling in the mire. Nations must be on the decline where such things could occur, and even men and women without the moral virtues, however brilliant or beautiful they might be, were overtaken by the judgment of God. Then where was our refuge? The church was the refuge of God's people, and from Christ came the answer—the answer—the—

His words would not flow. He fought

hard, threw out another passage, then stammered, began again, staggered again, felt hot, made a fresh effort, flagged, rattled out some words he had fixed in his mind, perspired, lost his voice, and finally stopped in the middle of a sentence and said, "And now to God the Father—" and came down from the pulpit.

His sermon had been a failure, and he knew it. On going back to the sacristy the Reverend Golightly congratulated him with a simper and a vapid smile. The canon was more honest but more vain. He mingled lofty advice with gentle reproof. Mr. Storm had taken his task too lightly. Better if he had written his sermon and read it. Whatever might serve for the country, congregations in London—at All Saints' especially—expected culture and preparation.

"For my own part I confess—nay, I am proud to declare—my watchword is Rehearse! Rehearse! Rehearse!"

As for the doctrine of the sermon, it was not above question. It was necessary to live in the *nineteenth* century, and it was impossible to apply to its conditions the rules of life that had been proper to the first.

John Storm made no resistance. He was humiliated in his own eyes. Surely he must have mistaken his vocation. And what a price he had paid for that bitter knowledge!

He slept badly that night. As often as he dozed off he dreamed that he was trying to do something he could not do, and when he awoke he became hot as with the memory of a disgrace. And always back of his shame was the thought of Glory.

Next morning he was alone in his room and fumbling the toast of his breakfast when the door opened and a cheery voice cried, "May I no come in, laddie?"

An elderly lady entered. She was tall and slight, and had a long fine face with shrewd but kindly eyes, and nearly snow white hair.

"I'm Jane Callender," she said; "and I couldna wait for an introduction or see bother, but must just come and see ye. Ry, laddie, it was a bonnie sermon yon! I've no heard the match of it since I came frae Peebles and sat under the good Dr. Guthrie. Now *he* was nae slavish reader neither—none of your paper preachers was Thomas. My word, but you gave us the right doctrine, too! They're given over to the worship of Beelzebub—half these church going folks. Oh, these Pharisees! They are enough to sour milk. I wish they had one neck and somebody would just squeeze it. Now

where did you hear that, Jane? But no matter! And the lasses are worse than the men, with their fashions and foldololls. They love Jesus, but they like Him best in heaven, not bothering down in Belgravia. But I must be going my ways. I left James on the street, and there's nae living with the man if you keep his horses waiting. Good morning til ye! . . . But ey, laddie, I'm afraid for ye! I'm thinking—I'm thinking—but come and see me at Victoria Square. Good morning!"

She had rattled this off at a breath, and had hardly given time for a reply when her black silk was rustling down the stairs.

John Storm remembered that the canon had spoken of her. She was the good woman who kept the maternity home for unfortunate girls at Soho; one of those true Christians, whose heart, the soul of charity, lived in the sunshine of a bright, sensible, racy faith.

"The good creature only came to comfort me," he thought, and that was all the attention he gave to her visit.

Glory! What was Glory thinking? That morning after prayers at the hospital he went in search of her in the out patient department, but she pretended to be overwhelmed with work, and only nodded and smiled and excused herself.

"I haven't got a moment this morning either for the king or his dog. I'm up to my eyes in bandages, and have fourteen plasters on my conscience, and now I must run away to my little boy whose leg was amputated on Saturday."

He understood her, but he came back in the evening and was resolved to face it out.

"What did you think of last night, Glory?" Then she put on a look of blank amazement.

"Why, what happened? Oh, of course—the sermon! How stupid of me! Do you know I forgot all about it?"

"You were not there, then?"

"Don't ask me. Really, I'm ashamed. After my promise to grandfather, too! But Wednesday doesn't count any way, does it? You'll preach on Sunday now and then!"

His first feeling of relief was followed by a sense of still deeper humiliation. Glory had not even troubled herself to remember. Evidently he was nothing to her—nothing; while she—

He walked home through St. James' Park, and under the tall trees the peaceful silence of the night came down on him. The sharp clack of the streets was deadened to a low hum as of the sea afar off. Across the gardens he could see the clock in the tower of

Westminster, and hear the great bell strike the quarters. London! How little and selfish all personal thoughts were in the contemplation of the mighty city. The vast place slept full of its dead—millions on millions of them of all generations. What a sight the resurrection of London would be!

He had been thinking only of himself and his own little doings. It was all so small and pitiful.

"Did my shame at my failure in the pulpit proceed solely from fear of losing the service of God, or did it proceed from wounded ambition, from pride, from thoughts of Glory—"

But the peaceful stars were over him. It was a majestic night.

VII.

"DEAR AUNTIE RACHEL,—Tell grandpa, to begin with, that John Storm preached his first sermon on Wednesday last, and according to program I was there to hear it. Oh, God bless me, what a time I had of it! He broke down in the middle, taking stage fright or pulpit fright or some such devilry, though there was nothing to be afraid of except a bandboxful of chattering girls who didn't listen, and a few old fogies with ear trumpets. I was sitting in the darkness at the back, effectually concealed from the preacher by the broad shoulders of Ward Sister Allworthy, who is an example of 'delicate femalism' just verging on old maidenism. They tell me the 'discoorse' was a short one, but I never got so many prayers into the time in all my born days, and my breath was coming and going so fast that the sister must have thought they had set up a pumping engine in the pew behind her. Our poor, heavy laden Mr. Storm has been here since then with his sad and eager face, but I hadn't the stuff in me to tell him the truth about the sermon, so I told him I had forgotten to go and hear it, and may the Lord have mercy on my soul!"

"You want to know how I employ my time? Well, lest you should think I give up my days to dreams and my nights to idleness, I hasten to tell that I rise at 6, breakfast at 6.30, begin duty at 7, sup at 9.30 P. M., gossip till 10, and then go into my room and put myself to bed; and there I am at the end of it. Being only a probationer I am chiefly in the out patient department, where my duties are to collect the things wanted at the dispensary, make the patients ready to see the surgeon and

pass them on to the dressers in the dressing room. My patients at present are the children, and I love them, and shall break my heart when I have to leave them. They are not always too well looked after by the surgeon, but that doesn't matter in the least, because, you see, they are constantly watched by the best and most learned doctor in the world—that's me.

"Last Saturday I had my first experience of the operating theater. Gracious goodness! I thought I shouldn't survive it. Fortunately I had the bandages and sponges to look after, so I just stiffened my back with a sort of imaginary six foot steel bar, and went on 'like blazes.' But some of these ward nurses are just 'ter'ble'; they take a professional pleasure in descending to that inferno, and wouldn't miss a 'theater' for worlds. On Saturday it was a little boy of five who had his leg amputated, and now when you ask the white faced darling where he's going to he says he's going to the angels, and he'll get lots of gristly pork up there. He *is*, too.

"The personnel of our vineyard is abundant, but there are various sour grapes growing about. We have a medical school (containing lots of nice boys, only a girl may not speak to them even in the corridors), and a full staff of honorary and visiting physicians and surgeons. But the only doctor we really have much to do with is the house doctor, a young fellow who has just finished his student's course. His name is Aberly, and since Saturday he has so much respect for Glory that she might even swear in his presence (in Manx), but Sister Allworthy takes care that she doesn't, having designs on his celibacy herself. He must have sung his 'Te Deum' after the operation, for he got gloriously drunk and wanted to inject morphia in a patient recovering from trouble of the kidney. It was an old hippopotamus of a German musician named Koenig, and he was in frantic terror. So I whispered to him to pretend to go to sleep, and then I told the doctor I had lost my syringe. But—'Gough bless me sowl!'—what a dressing the sister gave me!

"Yesterday was visiting day, and when the friends of the patients come even a hospital can have its humors. They try to sneak in little dainties which may be delicious in themselves, but are deadly poison to the people they are intended for. Then we have to search under the bed clothes of the patients and even feel the pockets of their visitors. The mother of my little boy came yesterday, and I noticed such a large

protuberance at her bosom under her ulster that I began to foresee another operation. It was only a brick of current cake, paved with lemon peel. I hauled it out and moved round like a cloud of thunder and lightning. But she began to cry and to say she had made it herself for Johnnie, and then—well, didn't I just get a wiggling from the sister, though!

"But I don't mind what happens here, for I am in London, and to be in London is to live, and to live is to be in London. I've not seen much of it yet, having only two hours off duty every day, from ten to twelve, and then all I can do is to make little dips into the park and the district round about like a new pigeon with its wings clipped. But I watch the great new world from my big box up here, and see the carriages in the park and the people riding on horseback. They have a new handshake in London. You lift your hand to the level of your shoulder, and then waggle horizontally as if you had put your elbow out; and when you begin to speak you say 'I—er—' as if you had got the mumps. But it is beautiful! The sound of the traffic is like music, and I feel like a war horse that wants to be marching to it. How delightful it is to be young in a world so full of loveliness! And if you are not very ugly it's none the worse.

"All hospital nurses are just now basking in the sunshine of a forthcoming ball. It is to be held at Bartimeus' Hospital, where they have a large theater, and the dancing there is for once to be to a happier tune. All the earth is to be there—all the hospital earth—and if I could afford to array myself in the necessary splendor I should show this benighted London what an absolute angel Glory is! But then my first full holiday is to be on the 24th, when I expect to be out from 10 A. M. until 10 P. M. I am nearly crazy whenever I think of it, and when the time comes to make my first plunge into London I know I shall hold my breath exactly as if I were taking a header off Creg Malin rocks.

"GLORY."

VIII.

ON the morning of the 24th Glory rose at five that she might get through her work and have the entire day for her holiday. At that hour she came upon a rough haired nurse wearing her cap a little on one side and washing a floor with disinfectants. Being in great spirits Glory addressed her cheerfully.

"Are you off today too?" she said.

The nurse gave her a contemptuous glance and answered, "I'm not one of your paying probationers, miss—playing probationers I call them. We nurses are hard working women whose life spells duty, and we've got no time for sight seeing and holiday making."

"No, but you are one of those who ruin the profession altogether," said a younger woman who had just come up. "They will expect everybody to do the same. This is my day off, but I have to do the grate and sweep the ward, and wash the patients, and make my own bed, and tidy the nurses' room—and it's all through people like you. Small thanks you get for it, either, for a girl may not even wear her hair in a fringe, and she is always expecting to hear the matron's 'You're not fit for nursing, miss.'"

Glory looked at her. She was an exquisitely pretty girl, with dark hair, pink and ivory cheeks, and light gray eyes, but her hands were coarse and her finger nails flat and square, and when you looked again there was a certain blemished appearance about her beauty as of a Parian vase that is cracked somewhere.

"Do you say you are off today?" said Glory.

"Yes, I am; are you?"

"Yes, but I'm strange to London. Could you take me with you—if you are going nowhere in particular?"

"Certainly, dear. I've noticed you before and wanted to speak to you. You're the girl with the splendid name—Glory, isn't it?"

"Yes, what is yours?"

"Polly Love."

At ten o'clock that morning the two girls set out for their long day's jaunt.

"Now where shall we go?" said Polly.

"Let us go where we can see a great many people," said Glory.

"That's easy enough, for this is the queen's birthday, and—"

Glory thought of Aunt Rachel and made a cry of delight.

"And now I think of it," said Polly, "I've got tickets for the trooping of the colors—the queen's colors, you know."

"Shall we see her?" said Glory.

"What a question! Why, no, but we'll see the soldiers and the generals and perhaps the prince. It's at ten thirty, and only across the park."

"Come along," said Glory, and she began to drag at her companion and to run.

"My gracious, what a girl you are, to be sure!"

But they were both running in another minute and laughing and chattering like children escaped from school. In a quarter of an hour they were at the entrance to the Horse Guards. There was a crowd at the gates and a policeman was taking tickets. Polly dived into her pocket.

"Where are mine? Oh, here they are. A great friend gave me them," she whispered. "He has a chum in one of those offices."

"A gentleman?" said Glory with studied politeness; but they were crushing through the gate by that time, and thereafter she had eyes and ears for nothing but the pageant before her.

It was a beautiful morning, and the spring foliage of the park was very green and fresh. Three sides of the great square were lined with redcoats; the square itself was thronged with people, and every window and balcony looking over it was filled. There were soldiers, sentries, policemen, the generals in cocked hats and the prince himself in a busby, riding by with the jingle of spurs and curb chain. Then the ta-ra-ta-ta of the bugle, the explosive voice crying "Escort for the color," the orderly carrying it, the white gloves of the staff fluttering up the salute, the flash of bayonets, the march round, and the band playing "The British Grenadiers." It was like a dream to Glory. She felt her bosom heaving, and was afraid she was going to cry.

Polly was laughing and prattling merrily.

"Ha, ha, ha! see that soldier chasing a sunshade? My! He has caught it with his sword."

"I suppose these are all great people," whispered Glory.

"I should think so," said Polly. "Do you see that gentleman in the window opposite?—that's the Foreign Office."

"Which?" said Glory, but her eyes were wandering.

"The one in the frock coat and the glossy silk hat talking to the lady in the green lawn and the black lace fichu and the spring bonnet."

"You mean beside that plain girl wearing the jungle of rhododendrons?"

"Yes; that's the gentleman who gave my friend the tickets."

Glory looked at him for a moment and something very remote seemed to stir in her memory, but the band was playing once more and she was wafted away again. It was "God Save the Queen" this time, and when it ended and everybody cried "All over," she took a long, deep breath and said, "Well!"

Polly was laughing at her, and Glory had to laugh also. They set each other off laughing, and people began to look at them, and then they had to laugh again and run away.

"This Glory is the funniest girl," said Polly; "she is surprised at the simplest thing."

They went to look at the shops, passing up Regent Street, across the Circus, and down Oxford Street towards the City, laughing and talking nonsense all the time. Once when they made a little purchase at a shop, the shopwoman looked astonished at the freedom with which they carried themselves, and after that they felt inclined to go into every shop in the street and behave absurdly everywhere. In the course of two hours they had accomplished all the innocent follies possible to the intoxication of youth, and were perfectly happy.

By this time they had reached the Bank and were feeling the prickings of hunger, so they looked out a restaurant in Cheap-side and went in for some dinner. The place was full of men, and several of them rose at once when the two girls entered. They were in the outdoor hospital costume, but there was something flaming about Polly's toilet, and the men kept looking their way and smiling. Glory looked back boldly and said in an audible voice, "What fun it must be to be a barmaid, and to have the gentlemen wink at you, and be laughing back at them!" But Polly nudged her and told her to be quiet. She looked down herself, but nevertheless contrived to use her eyes as a kind of furtive electric battery in the midst of the most innocent conversation. It was clear that Polly had flown farthest in the ways of the world, and when you looked at her again you could see that the balance of her life had been deranged by some one.

After dinner the girls got into an omnibus and went still farther east, sitting at opposite sides of the car and laughing and talking loudly to each other amid the astonishment of the other occupants. But when they came to mean and ugly streets with greengrocers' barrows by the curbstone, and weird and dreary cemeteries in the midst of gaunt green sticks that were trying to look like trees, Glory thought they had better return.

They went back by the Thames ferry boat from some landing stage among the docks. The steamer picked up passengers at every station on the river, and at London Bridge a band came aboard. As they sailed under St. Paul's the boat was crowded with people

going west to see the celebrations in honor of the birthday, and the band was playing "Her golden hair was hanging down her back."

At one moment Glory was wild with delight and at the next her gaiety seemed to be suddenly extinguished. The sun was setting behind the towers of Westminster in a magnificent lake of fire, and it seemed like the sun going down at Peel, except that the lights beneath, which glistened and flashed, were windows, not waves, and the deep hum was not the noise of the mighty sea, but the noise of mighty millions.

They landed at Westminster Bridge and went to a tea room for tea. When they came out it was quite dark, and they got on to the top of an omnibus. But the town was now ablaze with torches and with electric lights that were flinging out the initials of the queen, and Whitehall was dense with carriages going to the Treasury offices. Glory wanted to be in the midst of so much life, so the girls got down and walked arm in arm.

As they passed through Piccadilly Circus they were laughing again, for the oppression of the crowds made them happy. The throng was greatest at that point, and they had to push their way through. Among others there were many gaily dressed women who seemed to be waiting for omnibuses. Glory noticed that two of these women, who were grimacing and lisping, had spoken to a man who was also lounging about. She tugged at Polly's arm.

"That's strange! Did you see that?" she said.

"That! Oh, that's nothing. It's done every day," said Polly.

"What does it mean?" said Glory.

"Why, you don't mean to say—well, this Glory—really your friends ought to take care of you, my dear, you are so ignorant of the world."

And then suddenly, as by a flash of lightning, Glory had her first glimpse of the tragic issues of life.

"Merciful heavens! Come along," she whispered, and dragged Polly after her.

They were panting past the end of St. James' Street when a man with an eyeglass and a great shield of shirt front collided with them and saluted them. Glory was for forging ahead, but Polly had drawn up.

"It's only my friend," said Polly in another voice. "This is a new nurse. Her name is Glory."

The man said something about a glorious name and a glorious pleasure to be nursed by such a nurse, and then both the girls

laughed. He was glad they had found his tickets useful, but sorry he could not see them back to the hospital, being dragged away to the bally Treasury reception in honor of the old lady's birthday.

"But I'm coming to the ball, you know, and," with a glance at Glory, "I've half a mind to bring my chum along with me."

"Oh, do," said Polly, partly covering the pupils of her eyes with her eyelids.

The man lowered his voice and said something about Glory which Glory did not catch, then waved his white kid glove, saying "Ta-ta," and was gone.

"Is he married?" said Glory.

"Married! Good gracious, no; what ridiculous ideas you've got!"

It was only ten minutes after ten as the girls turned in at a sharp trot at the door of the hospital, still prattling and chattering and bringing some of the gaiety and nonsense of their holiday into the quiet atmosphere of the house of pain. The porter shook his finger at them with mock severity, but a ward sister going through the porch in her white silence stopped to say that a patient had been crying out for one of them.

"It's me—I know it's me," said Polly. "I've got a brother here out of a monastery, and he can't do with anybody else about him. It makes me tired of my life."

But it was Glory who was wanted. The woman whom John Storm had picked up out of the streets was dying. Glory had nursed her, and the poor old thing had kept herself alive that she might deliver to Glory her last charge and message. She could see nobody, so Glory leaned over the bed and spoke to her.

"I'm here, mammie; what is it?" she said, and the flushed young face was close above the withered and white one.

"He spoke to me friendly and squeezed my 'and, he did. Sowelp me never, it's true. Gimme a black cloth on my corfin, my dear, and mind yer tell him to foller."

"Yes, mammie, yes; I will—be sure I—I— Oh!"

It was Glory's first death.

IX.

JOHN STORM had been through his first morning call that afternoon. For this ordeal he had presented himself in a flannel shirt in the hall, where the canon was waiting for him in patent leather boots and kid gloves, and his daughter Felicity in cream silk and white feathers. After they had seated themselves in the carriage, the canon

said, "You don't quite do yourself justice, Mr. Storm. Believe me, to be well dressed is a great thing to a young man making his way in London."

The carriage stopped at a house that seemed to be only round the corner.

"This is Mrs. Mackray's," the canon whispered. "An American lady—widow of a millionaire. Her daughter—you will see her presently—is to marry into one of our best English families."

They were walking up the wide staircase behind the footman in blue—a gorgeous person suffering from what Glory would have called a bad attack of the mumps. There was a buzz of voices coming from a room above.

"Canon—er—Wealthy, Miss Wealthy, and—er—the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Storm!"

The buzz of voices abated, and a bright faced little woman, showily dressed, came forward and welcomed them with a marked accent. There were several other ladies in the room, but only one gentleman. This person, who was standing, with tea cup and saucer in hand, at the farther side, screwed an eyeglass in his eye, looked across at John Storm, and then said something to the lady in the chair beside him. The lady tittered a little. John Storm looked back at the man, as if by an instinctive certainty that he must know him when he saw him again. He wore a stiff collar like a linen handcuff about the neck, and was rather ugly; tall, slender, a little past thirty; fair, with soft, sleepy eyes, and no life in his expression, but agreeable; fit for good society, with the stamp of good breeding, and capable of saying little humorous things in a thin "roofoy" voice.

"I was real sorry I didn't hear Mr. Storm Wednesday evening," Mrs. Mackray was saying with a mincing smile. "My daughter told me it was just too lovely. Mercy, this is your great preacher. Persuade him to come to my 'at home' on Tuesday."

A tall, dark girl, with gentle manners and a beautiful face, came slowly forward, put her hand into John's, and looked steadily into his eyes without speaking.

"Ah, you ladies, you're incorrigible," said the canon, with a short wooden laugh. "Don't listen to them, my dear Storm. But I promise you, dear Mrs. Mackray, Mr. Storm shall preach on Sunday before long, and then—then you'll all desert me, I know you will."

Everybody laughed except John; and the gentleman with the eyeglass (who had followed Miss Mackray with his eye) said

suavely, "Have you been long in London, Mr. Storm?"

"Two weeks," answered John shortly, and half turned his head.

"How—er—interesting!" with a prolonged drawl and a little cold titter.

The man was no fool, but evidently he was allowed to play the spoilt child in this company. John felt his hands and feet grow cold.

"Oh, Lord Robert Ure—the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Storm," said the hostess.

"Mr. Storm has done me the honor to become one of my assistant clergy, Lord Robert," said the canon, "but he is not likely to be a curate long."

"That is charming," said Lord Robert. "It is always a relief to hear that I am likely to have one candidate the less for my poor perpetual curacy in Westminster. They're at me like flies around a honey pot, don't you know. I thought I had made the acquaintance of all the perpetual curates in Christendom. And what a sweet team they are, to be sure! The last of them came yesterday, I was out, and my friend Drake—Drake, of the Home Office, you know—couldn't give the man the living, so he gave him sixpence instead, and the creature went away quite satisfied."

Everybody seemed to laugh except John (who only stared into the air), and the loudest laughter came from the canon. But suddenly an incisive voice said:

"But why sharpen your teeth on the poor curates? Is there not a canon or a bishop handy that's better worth a bite?"

It was Mrs. Callender.

"I tell ye a story, too, only *mine* shall be a true one."

"Jane! Jane!" said the hostess, shaking her fan as a weapon; and Lord Robert stretched his neck over his collar and made an amiable smile.

"A girl of eighteen came to me this morning at Soho. Her father was a wicked rector, who died last year leaving thirty one thousand pounds; and the mother of this unfortunate girl is now in the workhouse."

It was the first sincere word that had been spoken, where every tone had been wrong, every gesture false, and it fell on the company like a thunderclap. John Storm drew his breath hard, looked up at Lord Robert, by some swift impulse, and felt himself avenged.

"What a beautiful day it has been," said somebody.

Everybody looked up at the maker of this surprising remark. It was a lady, and she blushed until her cheeks burned again.

A painful silence followed, and then the hostess turned to Lord Robert and said:

"You spoke of your friend Drake, didn't you? Everybody is talking of him, and as for the girls they seem to be crazy about the man. So handsome, they say, so natural, and then such a splendid talker. But then, girls are so quick to take fancies to people. You really must take care of yourself, my dear." (This to Felicity.) "Who is he? Lord Robert will tell you—an official of some kind, and son of Sir something Drake of one of the north counties. He knows the secret of getting on in the world, though—he doesn't go about too much. But I've determined not to live any longer without making the acquaintance of this wonderful being, so Lord Robert must bring him Tuesday evening or else——"

John Storm escaped at last, without promising to come to the "at home." He went direct to the hospital and learned that Glory was out for the day. Where she could have gone, and what she could be doing, puzzled him grievously. That she had not put herself under his counsel and direction on her first excursion abroad hurt his pride and wounded his sense of responsibility. As the night fell in his anxiety increased. Though he knew she would not return until ten o'clock he set out at nine to meet her.

At a venture he took the eastward course, and passed slowly down Piccadilly. The façade of nearly every club facing the park was flaming with electric light. Young men in evening dress were standing on the steps, smoking, and taking the air after dinner, and pretty girls in showy costumes were promenading leisurely in front of them. Sometimes as a girl passed she looked sharply up and the corner of her mouth would be raised a little, and when she had gone by there would be a general burst of voluptuous laughter.

John's blood boiled, and then his heart sank; he felt so helpless, his pity and indignation were so useless and unnecessary.

All at once he saw what he had been looking for. As he went by the corner of St. James' Street, he almost collided with Glory and another nurse in the costume of their hospital. They did not observe him, they were talking to a man; it was the man he had met in the afternoon, Lord Robert Ure.

John heard the man say, "Your Glory is such a glorious——" and then he lowered his voice, and appeared to say something that was very amusing, for the other girl laughed a great deal.

John's soul was now fairly in revolt, and he wanted to stop, to order the man off and to take charge of the two nurses as his duty seemed to require him to do. But he passed them, then looked back and saw them separate, and as the man went by he watched the girls going westward. There was a glimpse of them under the gas lamp, as they crossed the street, and again a glimpse as they passed into the darkness under the trees of the park.

He could not trust himself to return to the hospital that night, and his indignation was no less in the morning. But there was a letter from Glory saying that his poor old bag of bones was dead, and she had begged that he would bury her. He dressed himself in his best ("We can't take liberties with the poor," he thought) and walked across to the hospital at once. There he asked for Glory, and they went down stairs together to that chill chamber underground which has always its silent occupant. It is only a short tenancy that anybody can have there, so the old woman had to be buried the same morning. The parish was to bury her, and the van was at the door.

He was standing with Glory in the hall, and his heart had softened to her.

"Glory," he said, "you shouldn't have gone out yesterday without telling me—the dangers of London are so great."

"What dangers?" she asked.

"Well, to a young, a beautiful girl——"

Glory peered up under her long eyelashes.

"I mean the dangers from—I'm ashamed in my soul to say it—the dangers from men."

She shot up a quick glance into his face and said in a moment, "You saw us, didn't you?"

"Yes, I saw you, and I didn't like your choice of company."

She dropped her head demurely, and said, "The man?"

John hesitated. "I was speaking of the girl. I don't like the freedom with which she carries herself in this house."

Glory's lower lip began to show its inner side. "She's bright and lively—that's all I care."

"But it's not all I care, Glory, and if such men as that are her friends outside——"

Glory's head went up. "What is it to me who are her friends outside?"

"Everything, if you allow yourself to meet them again."

"Well," doggedly, "I am going to meet them again. I'm going to the nurses' ball on Tuesday."

John answered with deliberation, "Not in that girl's company."

"Why not?"

"I say *not* in that girl's company."

There was a short pause, and then Glory said with a quivering mouth, "You are vexing me, and you will end by making me cry. Don't you see you are degrading me? I am not used to being degraded. You see me with a little weak silly creature who hasn't an idea in her head and can do nothing but giggle and laugh and make eyes at men, and you think I am going to be led away by her. Do you suppose a girl can't take care of herself?"

"As you will, then," said John, with a fling of his hand, going off down the steps.

"Mr. Storm—Mr. Storm—Jo—Joh——"

But he was out on the pavement and getting into the workhouse van.

"Ah!" said a mincing voice beside her, "how jolly it is when anybody is suffering for your sake! It makes you so happy."

It was Polly Love, and again her eyelids were half covering her eyes.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said Glory; her own eyes were swimming in big tear drops.

"Don't you? What a funny girl you are! But your education has been neglected, my dear."

It was a combination van and hearse with the coffin under the driver's box, and John Storm (as the only discoverable mourner) with the undertaker on the seat inside.

"Will ye be willin' ter tike the service at the cimitery, sir?" said the undertaker, and John answered that he would.

The grave was on the paupers' side of Kensal Green, and when the undertaker, with his man, had lowered the coffin to its place, he said, "They've gimme abart three more funerals this morning, so I'll leave ye now, sir, to finish 'er off."

At the next moment John Storm in his surplice was alone with the dead, and had opened his book to read the burial service which no human ear was to hear.

He read "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and then the bitter loneliness of the pauper's doom came down on his soul and silenced him.

But his imprisoned passion had to find a vent, and that night he wrote to the prime minister: "I begin to understand what you meant when you said I was in the wrong place. Oh, this London, with its society, its worldly clergy, its art, its literature, its luxury, its idle life, all built on the toil of the country and the sweat of the nameless poor! Oh, this Circe of cities,

drawing people to it, decoying them, seducing them, and then turning them into swine! It seems impossible to live in the world and to be spiritually minded. When I try to do so I am torn in two."

X.

ON the following Tuesday evening two young men were dining in their chambers in St. James' Street. One of them was Lord Robert Ure; the other was his friend and house mate, Horatio Drake. Drake was younger than Lord Robert by some seven or eight years, and also beyond comparison more attractive. His face was manly and handsome, its expression was open and breezy; he was broad shouldered and splendidly built, and he had the fair hair and blue eyes of a boy.

Their room was a large one, and it was full of beautiful and valuable things, but the furniture was huddled about in disorder. A large chamber organ, a grand piano, a mandolin and two violins, pictures on the floor as well as on the walls, many photographs (chiefly girls) scattered about everywhere, and the mirror over the mantelpiece framed with invitation cards, which were stuck between the glass and the frame.

Their man had removed the dishes and brought in the coffee and cigarettes. Lord Robert was speaking in his weary drawl, which had always the worn out tone of a man who had made a long journey and was very sleepy.

"Come, dear boy, make up your mind, and let us be off."

"But I'm tired to death of these fashionable routs," said Drake.

"So am I," said Lord Robert.

"They're so unnatural—so unnecessary," said Drake.

"My dear fellow," said Lord Robert, "of course they're unnatural—of course they're unnecessary; but what would you have?"

"Anything human and natural," said Drake—"a game of quoits, a game of dominoes, a game of hop-skip-and-a-jump on the pavement outside—anything in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, instead of these wretched attempts at gaiety, where everything is hollow and empty; these meaningless crushes, where your only duty is to talk as fast as an express train and yet make no progress, to bow and scrape and smirk, to grimace agreeably, to yawn decorously, and to go through all the ordeals of being bored. I don't care a ha'p'orth about the morality of these things—not I—but I am dead sick of their stupidity."

Lord Robert made languid puffs of his cigarette, and said, in a tearful drawl, "My dear Drake, of course it is exactly as you say. Who doesn't know it's so? It has always been so, and always will be. These things are the unavoidable circumstances of life, and it is really only your provincialism—yes, dear boy, your provincialism—which makes you imagine that there's anything extraordinary about them. In the depths of your soul you believe everybody ought to work. You do, don't you know, you really do. But what refuge is there for rich people but these diversions which you despise? And as for the poor leisured classes—well, they manage to make their play their business sometimes, don't you know. Confess that they do sometimes, now, eh?"

Lord Robert was laughing with an awkward constraint; but Drake looked frankly into his face and said,

"How's that matter going on, Robert?"

"Fairly, I think, though the girl is not very hot on it," said Lord Robert. "The thing came off last week, and when it was over I felt as if I had proposed to the girl and been accepted by the mother, don't you know. I believe this rout tonight is expressly in honor of the event, so it is impossible that I can be away from it. The little woman has bought me, I suppose—my name, my high sounding title, or whatever it is—and I mustn't run away from my bargain now."

He lay back, sent funnels of smoke to the ceiling, and then said with a laugh like a gurgle, "I'm not likely to, though. That eternal dun, Roosevelt, was here again today. I had to tell him that the marriage would come off in a year certain. That was the only understanding on which he would agree to wait for his money. Bad? Of course it's bad; but what would you have, dear boy?"

The men smoked in silence for a moment, and then Lord Robert said again, "Come, old fellow, for friendship's sake, if nothing else. She's a decent little woman, and dead bent on having you at her house tonight. And if you're badly bored we'll not stay long. We'll come away early and—listen!—we'll slip across to the nurses' ball at Bartimæus' Hospital—there'll be fun enough there, at all events."

"I'll go," said Drake.

"Benson," shouted Lord Robert to their man, who was in the bed room, "lay out the clothes at once, my lad!"

Half an hour later the two young men were driving up to the door of Mrs. Mack-

ray's house in Belgrave Square. There was a line of carriages in front of it, and they had to wait their turn to approach the gate. Footmen in gorgeous livery were ready to open the cab door, to help the guests across the red baize that lay on the pavement, to usher them into the hall, to lead them to the little marble chamber where they entered their names in a list intended for the next *Court Circular* and tomorrow's *Morning Post*, and finally to direct them to the great staircase where the general crush moved slowly up to the saloon above.

In the well of the stairs, half hidden behind a little forest of palms and ferns, a band in yellow and blue uniform sat playing the people in. On the landing the hostess stood waiting to receive, and the guests moved past her in a rapid and babbling stream. She welcomed Lord Robert effusively, and motioned to him to stand by her side. Then she introduced her daughter to Drake and sent them adrift through the rooms.

The chambers were large ones with parquet flooring from which all furniture had been removed, except the palms and ferns by the walls and the heavy chandeliers overhead. It was not yet ten o'clock; but already the house was crowded, and every moment there were floods of fresh arrivals. The night was close and the atmosphere was hot and oppressive. At the farther end of the suite there was a refreshment room with its lantern lights pulled open; but there the crush was densest and the commotion greatest. The click clack of many voices cut the thick air as with a thousand knives, and over the multitudinous clatter there was always the unintelligible boom of the band down stairs.

Most of the guests looked tired. The men made some effort to be cheerful, but the women were frankly jaded and fagged. Bedizened with diamonds, coated with paint and powder, laden with rustling silks, they looked weary and worn out. When spoken to they would struggle to smile, but the smiles would break down after a moment into dismal looks of misery and oppression.

"Had enough?" whispered Lord Robert to Drake.

Drake was satisfied, and Lord Robert began to make their excuses.

"Going already!" said Mrs. Mackray. "An official engagement, you say? Mr. Drake, is it? Oh, don't tell me! I know—I know! Well, you'll be married and settled one of these days—and then!"

They were in a hansom cab driving across

London in the direction of Bartimæus' Hospital. Drake was bareheaded and fanning himself with his crush hat. Lord Robert was lighting a cigarette.

"Pshaw! What a stifling den! Did you ever hear such a clitter clatter? A perfect Tower of Babel building company! What in the name of common sense do those people suppose they're doing by penning themselves up like that on a night like this? What are they thinking about?"

"Thinking about, dear boy? You're unreasonable! Nobody wants to think about anything in such scenes of charming folly."

"But the women! Did you ever see such faded, jaded, worn out dummies for the display of diamonds? Poor little women in their splendid misery! I was sorry for your fiancée, Robert. She was the only woman in the house without that hateful stamp of worldliness and affectation."

"My dear Drake, you've learned many things, but there's one thing you have not yet learned—you haven't learned how to take serious things as trifles and trifles as serious things. Learn it, my boy, or you'll embitter existence. You are not going to alter the conditions of civilization by any change in your own particular life; so just look out the prettiest, wittiest, wealthiest little woman who is a dummy for a display of diamonds."

"Me? Not if I know it, old fellow! Give me a little nature and simplicity if it hasn't got a second gown to its back."

"All right—as you like," said Lord Robert, flinging out the end of his cigarette. "You've got the pull of some of us—you can please yourself. And here we are at old Bartimæus', and this is a very different pair of shoes!"

They were driving out of one of London's crowded thoroughfares, through a low groined archway, into one of London's ancient buildings with its quiet quadrangle where trees grow and birds sing. Every window of the square was lighted up, the leaves were pattering, and there was a low murmur of music being played within.

"Listen," said Lord Robert. "I am here ostensibly as the guest of the visiting physician, don't you know, but really in the interests of the little friend I told you of."

"The one I got the tickets for last week?"

"Precisely."

At the next moment they were in the ball room. It was the operating theater of the hospital—a great circular hall with a gallery running round its walls, which were

now festooned with flags, and roofed with a glass dome from which colored lamps were hanging. Some four hundred girls and as many men were gathered there; the pit was their dancing ring and the gallery was their withdrawing room. The men were nearly all students of the medical schools, the girls were nearly all nurses, and they wore their nurses' uniform. There was not one jaded face among them—not one weary look or tired expression. They were in the fullness of youth and the height of vigor. The girls laughed with the ring of joy, their eyes sparkled with the light of happiness, their cheeks glowed with the freshness of health.

The two men stood a moment and looked on.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said Lord Robert.

Drake's wide eyes were ablaze and his voice came in gusts.

"Think of it!" he said. "It's wonderful! It's glorious!"

Lord Robert's glass had dropped from his eye, and he was laughing in his drawling way.

"What are you laughing at? Women like these are at least natural, and nature cannot be put on."

The mazurka had just finished, and the dancers were breaking into groups.

"Robert, tell me, who is that girl over there—the one looking this way? Is it your friend?"

Lord Robert readjusted his glass.

"The pretty dark girl with the pink and white cheeks like a doll?"

"Yes, and the taller one beside her—the girl all hair and eyes and bosom. She's looking across now. I've seen that girl before somewhere. Now, where have I seen her? Look at her—what fire and life and movement! The dance is over, but she can't keep her feet still."

"I see—I see. But let me introduce you to the matron and doctors first, and then——"

"I know now—I know where I've seen her! Be quick, Robert—be quick!"

Lord Robert laughed again in his tired drawl. He was finding it very amusing.

XI.

WHEN Glory learned that all nurses eligible to attend the ball were by order to wear hospital uniform, being on day duty she decided to go to it. But then came John Storm's protest against the company of Polly Love, and she felt half inclined to give it up. As often as she remembered his re-

monstrance she was disturbed, and once or twice when alone she shed tears of anger and vexation.

Meantime Polly was full of arrangement and prediction, and Glory found herself day by day carried along in the stream of preparation. When the night came the girls dressed in the same cubicle, and Polly was prattling like a parrot; but Glory was silent, and almost sad.

It was a grief to both of them that a nurse's costume concealed a girl's neck, and also that dearest of a girl's charms—the sweet roundness of her dimpled arm. But it was some satisfaction that a nurse's sleeve concealed also the marks of the vaccination which hospital regulations had imposed upon probationers.

Being so far curtailed in the resources of fascination, the whole battery of coquetry had to be brought to bear upon the head. By help of the curling tongs and a candle, Polly did up her dark hair into little knowing curls that went in and out on her temples and played hide and seek around the pretty shells of her pink and white ears. Glory was slashing the comb through her golden red hair by way of preliminary plowing, when Polly cried, "Stop! Don't touch it any more for goodness sake! It's perfect! Look at yourself now."

Glory stood off from the looking glass and looked. "Am I really so nice?" she thought; and then she remembered John Storm again, and had half a mind to tear down her glorious curls and go straight away to bed.

She went to the ball instead, and being there she forgot all about her misgivings. The light, the color, the brilliance, the perfume transported her to an enchanted world which she had never entered before. She could not control her delight in it. Everything surprised her, everything delighted her, everything amused her—she was the very soul of girlish joy. The dark brown spot on her eye shone out with a coquettish light never seen in it until now, and the warble in her voice was like the music of a happy bird. Her high spirits were infectious—her light hearted gaiety communicated itself to everybody. The men who might not dance with her were smiling at the mere sight of the sunshine in her face, and it was even whispered about that the president of the College of Surgeons, who opened the ball, had said that her proper place was not there—a girl like that young Irish nurse would do honor to a higher assembly.

In that enchanted world of music and light and bright young faces Glory lost all sense

of time; but two hours had passed when Polly Love, whose eyes had turned again and again to the door, tugged at her sleeve and whispered, "They've come at last! There they are—there—directly opposite to us. Keep your next dance, dear. They'll come across presently."

Glory had looked where Polly had directed, and, seeing again the face she had seen in the window at the Horse Guards, something remote and elusive had once more stirred in her memory. But it was gone in a moment, and she was back in that world of wonders when a voice which she knew and yet did not know, like a voice that called to her as she was awakening out of a sleep, said—

"Glory, don't you remember me? Have you forgotten me, Glory?"

It was her friend of the catechism class—her companion of the adventure in the boat. Their hands met in a long handclasp with the gallop of feeling that is too swift for thought.

"Ah, I thought you would recognize me! How delightful!" said Drake.

"And you knew me again?" said Glory.

"Instantly—at first sight almost."

"Really! It's strange, though. Such a long, long time—ten years at least! I must have changed since then."

"You have," said Drake—"you've changed very much."

"Indeed now! Am I really so much changed for all? I've grown older, of course."

"Oh, terribly older!" said Drake.

"How wrong of me! But you have changed a good deal, too. You were only a boy in jackets then."

"And you were only a girl in short frocks."

They both laughed, and then Drake said, "I'm so glad we've changed together!"

"Are you?" said Glory.

"Why, yes," said Drake; "for if you had changed and I hadn't—"

"But what nonsense we're talking!" said Glory; and they both laughed again.

Then they told each other what had happened in that infinite cycle of time which had spun round since they parted. Glory had not much to narrate: her life had been empty. She had been in the Isle of Man all along, had come to London only recently, and was now a probationer nurse at Martha's Vineyard. Drake had been to Harrow and thence to Oxford, and, being a man of artistic leanings, had wished to take up music, but his father had seen no career in it; so he had submitted—he had gone

into the subterranean catacombs of public life, and was secretary to one of the ministers. All this he talked of lightly, as became a young man of the world, to whom great things were of small account.

"Glory," said Polly, at her elbow, "the waltz is going to begin."

The band was preluding. Drake claimed the dance, and Glory was astonished to find she had it free (she had kept it expressly).

When the waltz was over he gave her his arm and led her into the circular corridor to talk and to cool. His manners were perfect, and his voice, so soft and yet so manly, increased the charm. In passing out of the hot dancing room she threw her handkerchief over her head, and, with the hand that was at liberty, held its ends under her chin. She wished him to look at her and see what change this had made; so she said quite innocently—

"And now let me look at you again, sir!"

He recognized the dark brown spot on her eye, and he could feel her bare arm through her thin pink dress.

"You've told me a good deal," he said, "but you haven't said a syllable about the most important thing of all."

"And pray what is that?" said she.

"How many times have you fallen in love since I saw you last?"

"Good gracious, what a question!" said Glory.

His audacity was delightful. There was something so gracious and yet so masterful about him.

"Do you remember the day you carried me off—eloped with me, you know?" said Drake.

"I? How charming of me! But when was that, I wonder?" said Glory.

"Never mind; say, do you remember?"

"Well, if I do? What a pair of little geese we must have been in those days!"

"I'm not so sure of that—*now*," said he.

"You didn't seem very keen about me *then*, as far as I can remember," said she.

"Didn't I?" said he. "What a silly young fool I must have been!"

They laughed again. She could not keep her arm still, and he could almost feel its dimpled elbow.

"And do *you* remember the gentleman who rescued us?" she said.

"You mean the tall dark young man who kept hugging and kissing you in the yacht?"

"Did he?"

"Do you forget that kind of thing, then?"

"It was very sweet of him. But he's in

the church now, and the chaplain of our hospital——"

"What a funny little romantic world it is, to be sure!" said Drake.

"Yes; it's like poetry, isn't it?" she answered.

Lord Robert came up to introduce Drake to Polly (who was not looking her sweetest), and he claimed Glory for the next dance.

"So you knew my friend Drake before?" said Lord Robert.

"I knew him when he was a boy," said Glory.

And then he began to sing his friend's praises—how he had taken a brilliant degree at Oxford, and was now private secretary to the Home Secretary, and would go into public life before long—how he could paint and act, and might have made a reputation as a musician—how he went into the best houses, and was a first rate official—how, in short, he had the promised land before him, and was just on the eve of entering it.

"Then I suppose you know he is rich—enormously rich?" said Lord Robert.

"Is he?" said Glory, and something great and grand seemed to shimmer a long way off.

"Enormously," said Lord Robert; "and yet a man of the most democratic opinions."

"Really?" said Glory.

"Yes," said Lord Robert; "and all the way down in the hansom he has been trying to show me how impossible it is to him to marry a lady."

"Now why did you tell me that, I wonder?" said Glory, and Lord Robert began to fidget with his eyeglass.

Drake returned with Polly. He proposed that they should take the air in the quadrangle, and they went off for that purpose, the girls arm in arm some paces ahead.

"There's a dash of Satan himself in that red headed girl," said Lord Robert. "She understands a man before he understands himself."

"She's as natural as nature," said Drake. "And what lips—what a mouth!"

"Irish, isn't she? Oh, Manx! What's Manx, I wonder?"

The night was very warm and close, and there was hardly more air in the courtyard. The sound of the band came to them there, and Glory, who had danced with nearly everybody within, must needs dance by herself without, because the music was more sweet and subdued out there, and dancing in the darkness was like a dream.

"Come and sit down on the seat, Glory," said Polly, fretfully; "you are getting on my nerves, dear."

"Glory," said Drake, "how do the Londoners strike you?"

"Much like other mortals," said Glory—"no better, no worse—only funnier."

The men laughed at that description; and Glory proceeded to give imitations of London manners—the high handshake, the "ha-ha" of the mumps, the mouthing of the canon, and the mincing of Mr. Golithly.

Drake bellowed with delight; Lord Robert drawled out a long owlish laugh; Polly Love said spitefully, "You might give us your friend the new curate next, dearest;" and then Glory went down like a shot.

"Really," began Drake, "it's not hospital nursing, you know——"

But there were low murmurings of thunder and some large splashes of rain, and they returned to the ball room. The great doctors and the matrons were gone by this time; only the nurses and the students remained, and the fun was becoming furious. One young fellow was pulling down a girl's hair, and another was waltzing with his partner carried bodily in his arms. Somebody lowered the lights and they danced in a shadow land; somebody began to sing, and they all sang in chorus; then somebody began to fling about paper bags full of tiny white wafers, and the bags burst in the air like shells, and their contents fell like stars from a falling rocket, and everybody was covered as with flakes of snow.

Meantime the storm had broken, and, above the clash and clang of the instruments of the band and the rhythmic shuffle of the feet of the dancers and the clear and joyous notes of their happy singing, there was the roar of the thunder that rolled over London, and the rattle of the rain on the glass dome overhead.

Glory was in ecstasies; it was like a mist on Peel Bay at night with the moon shining through it and the waves dancing to a northwest breeze. It was like a black and stormy sea outside contrary with the gale coming down from the mountains. And yet it was a world of wonder and enchantment and beauty and gay young faces.

It was three in the morning when the ball broke up, and then the rain had abated, though the thunder was still rumbling. The men were to see the girls back to the hospital, and Glory and Drake sat in a hansom cab together.

"So you always forget that kind of thing, do you?" he said.

"What kind of thing?" she asked.

"Never mind—you know!"

She had put up the hood of her outdoor

cape, but he could still see the gleam of her golden hair.

"Give me that rose," he said—"the white one that you put in your bonnet."

"It's nothing," she answered.

"Then give it to me. I'll keep it for ever and ever!"

She put up her hand to her head.

"Ah, how sweet of you! And what a lovely little hand! But no, let me take it for myself."

He reached one arm around her shoulder, put his hand under her chin, tipped up her face, and kissed her on the lips.

"Darling!" he whispered.

Then in a moment she awoke from her world of wonder and enchantment, and the intoxication of the evening left her. She did not speak; her head dropped; she felt her cheeks burn red and she hid her face in her hands. There was a momentary sense of dishonor, almost of outrage. Drake treated her lightly, and she was herself to blame.

"Forgive me, Glory!" he was saying, in a voice tremulous and intense. "It shall never happen again—never, so help me God!"

The day was dawning and the last rain drops were splashing on the wet and empty pavement. The great city lay asleep, and the distant thunder was rolling away from it.

XII.

THE chaplain of Martha's Vineyard had not been to the hospital ball. Before it came off he had thought of it a good deal, and as often as he remembered that he had protested to Glory against the company of Polly Love he felt hot and ashamed. Polly was shallow and frivolous, and had a little crab apple of a heart, but he knew no harm of her. It was hardly manly to make a dead set at the little thing because she was vain and foolish and fond of dress, and given to looking in the glass, and because she knew something of a man who displeased John Storm.

Then she was Glory's only companion, and to protest against Glory going in her company was to protest against Glory going at all. That seemed a selfish thing to do. Why should he deny her the delights of the ball? He could not go to it himself, and he would not if he could; but girls liked such things—they love to dance, and to be looked at and admired, and have men about them paying them court and talking nonsense.

There was a sting in that thought, too; but he struggled to be magnanimous. He

was above all mean and unmanly feelings, and would withdraw his objection.

He did not withdraw it. Some evil spirit whispered in his heart that Glory was drifting away from him, and he told himself that this was the time to see for certain whether she had passed out of the range of his influence. If she respected his authority she would not go. If she went, he had lost his hold of her and their old relations were at an end.

On the night of the ball he walked over to the hospital and asked for her. She had gone, and it seemed as if the earth itself had given way beneath his feet.

He could not help feeling bitterly about Polly Love, and that caused him to remember a patient to whom her selfish little heart had shown no kindness. It was her brother. He was some nine or ten years older, and very different in character. His face was pale and thin, almost ascetic, and he had the fiery and watery eyes of the devotee. He was threatened with consumption, but his case was not considered dangerous.

When Polly was about, his eyes would follow her around the ward with something of the humble entreaty of a dog. It was clear that he loved his sister and was constantly thinking of her. But she hardly ever looked in his direction, and when she spoke to him it was in a cold or fretful voice.

John Storm had observed this. It had brought him close to the young man, and the starved and silent heart had opened out to him. He was a lay brother in an Anglican brotherhood that was settled in Bishopsgate Street. His monastic name was Brother Paul. He had asked to be sent to that hospital because his sister was a nurse there. She was his only remaining relative. One other sister he had once had, but she was gone—she was dead—she died; but that was a sad and terrible story, and he did not like to talk of it.

To this broken and bankrupt creature John Storm found his footsteps turning on that night of the hospital ball when his own heart lay waste. But on entering the ward he saw that Brother Paul had a visitor already. It was an elderly man in a strange habit—a black cassock which buttoned close at the neck and fell below the knees, and was girded about the waist by a black rope that had three great knots at its suspended ends. And the habit was not so different from the habit of the world as the face of the wearer was unlike the worldly face. It was the face of a saint, a face full of spirituality, a face that seemed to invest every-

thing it looked upon with a holy peace—a beautiful face, without guile or craft or passion, yet not without the signs of internal strife at the temples and under the eyes; but the battles with self had all been fought and won.

As John Storm stepped up the old man rose from his chair by the patient's bed.

"This is the father superior, sir," said Brother Paul.

"I've just been hearing of you," said the father in a gentle voice. "You have been good to my poor brother."

John Storm answered with some common-place—it had been a pleasure, a happiness; the brother would soon leave them; they would all miss him, perhaps himself especially.

The father resumed his chair and listened with an earnest smile. "I understand you, dear friend," he said. "It is so much more blessed to give than to receive. Ah, if the poor blind world only knew! How it fights for its pleasures that perish and its pride of life that passes away! Yet to succor a weaker brother or protect a fallen woman or feed a little child will bring a greater joy than to conquer all the kingdoms of the earth."

John Storm sat down on the end of the bed. Something had gone out to him in a moment and he was held as by a spell. The father talked of the love of the world—how strange it was, how difficult to understand, how tragic, how pitiful. The lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye—how mean, how delusive, how treacherous. To think of the people of that mighty city day by day and night by night making themselves miserable in order that they might make themselves merry; to think of the children of men scouring the globe for its paltry possessions, that could not add one inch to the stature of the soul, while all the while the empire of peace and joy and happiness lay here at hand, here within ourselves, here in the

little narrow compass of the human heart! To give, not to get, that was the great blessedness, and to give of yourself, of your heart's love, was the greatest blessedness of all.

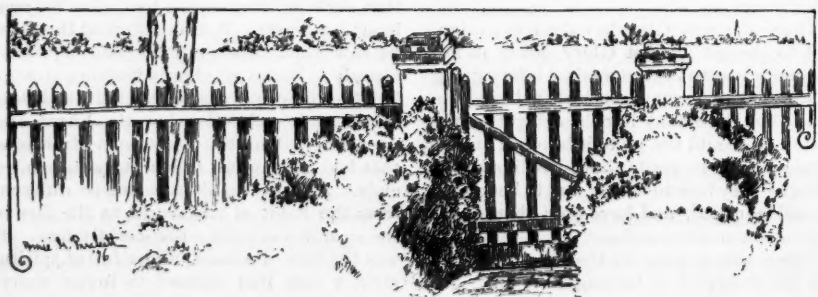
John Storm was deeply stirred. "The church, sir," he said—"the church itself has to learn that lesson."

And then he in his turn spoke also, and he spoke well. He spoke of the hopes with which he had come up to London, and how they had been broken down and destroyed; of his dreams of the church and its mission, and how they were dying or dead already.

"What liars we are, sir! How we color things to justify ourselves! Look at our sacraments—are they a lie or are they a sacrilege? Look at our charities—are we Pharisees or are we hypocrites? And our clergy, sir—look at these followers of the lowly Jesus taking the name of the Nazarene, but living sumptuously every day, praying in the pulpit, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' but saying in their souls, 'Soul, thou hast much good laid up for the morrow, eat, drink, and be merry.' Surely some tremendous upheaval will shake to its foundations the church wherein such things are possible—a church that is more worldly than the world! Oh, how I am wounded, sir, by these sword fish, these Pharisees, these publicans, every day and every hour! And then the woman life of the church, see how it is thrown away. That sweetest and tenderest and holiest power, how it goes to waste under the eye and with the sanction of the church in the frivolities of fashion—in drawing rooms, in gardens, in theaters, in balls—"

He stopped. His last word had arrested him. Had he been thinking only of himself and of Glory? Good God! Had he himself been one of the liars he was denouncing? His head fell and he covered his face with his hands.

(To be continued.)





It is said that Englishwomen are impatient of the admiration that Englishmen have manifested for American women, and that they sometimes make very derogatory remarks concerning the sprightly and vivacious Yankee maidens. That smart contemporary, *London Truth*, not long ago printed some very sarcastic letters from English mothers, telling of methods they had suggested to their daughters for keeping at home the wandering affections of the British peerage. Their letters reminded us of the young wife who turned her parlor

into a beer garden, and waited on her husband in a cap and apron.

But if the Englishwoman is scarcely fair to her American cousin, the latter repays good for evil. The Princess of Wales, for example, is an ideal to thousands of young American women who know her only by reputation, and through her sweet face seen on a pasteboard card. This princess, who has several grandchildren, appears to grow younger every year, and in a theater box, sitting beside the pale and delicate Duchess of Fife, she has the distinction of looking



Miss Aimée Lawrence.

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York.

younger than her own daughter. Some people have been unkind enough to say that it was because the lovely princess does no thinking that the lines keep away from her face, but those who know her in the intimacy which is possible to a member of

made their own gowns, taught by the morganatic wife of their father's predecessor, Frederick VII. This lady was French, and had once been forewoman in a Paris dressmaking establishment.

The princess is a very accomplished



The Princess of Wales.

From her latest photograph by Torno, London.

her household attribute her happy, youthful expression to her sweetness of disposition.

This princess is the daughter of the most democratic of kings. At one time, Christian of Schleswig Holstein was only a lieutenant in the German army, with no thought of coming to a throne, and he became King of Denmark through a series of unforeseen events. People speak of his daughter's exquisite taste in dress, and some hark back to the days when the Danish princesses

musician. She plays on the piano and the zither, and of late has taken up the philomèle, an oddly shaped instrument with strings. There have been people, even in this country, who have pitied her for what they considered her unhappy married life. She does not need their commiseration. It has been said that there is not in England a couple married thirty five years who are closer friends today than the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Countess of Warwick, who is often spoken of as a close friend of the prince, has been called the handsomest woman in England. It is an undoubted fact that she is one of the cleverest. Her husband is a rather lazy man, devoted to his wife, and both as Lord Brooke and later as the Earl of Warwick, he followed her social lead. As a consequence, she made Warwick Castle one of the gayest and smartest houses in England. There the prince has often found relaxation from the stiffness of the etiquette that surrounds royalty. The prettiest women, the most companionable men, are always to be found at the Warwick entertainments and house parties, although their names may not be among the roll call of statesmen.

The best way to judge of the beautiful countess is through the affection in which she is held by her husband, her children, her friends, and tenants. This London great lady probably works



The Countess of Warwick.
From a miniature by Amalia Küster.

harder, and gives more time and thought to the welfare of others, than a dozen of the women who see in her only a butterfly of fashion. It is unfortunate that in the last few years her husband's estate, which consists mainly of farming land, has greatly depreciated in value, to an extent that is said to have almost crippled him financially.

Miss Muriel Wilson, the daughter of the millionaire ship owner, Mr. Wilson of Tranby Croft, whose house came into such disagreeable prominence through the baccarat scandal which disgraced Sir William Gordon Cumming, has not suffered at all through the prejudice which the culprit's friends tried to throw upon the Wilson family. The Princess of Wales showed her own good will toward the young girl and her mother, with the result that they have been received into the most exclusive cliques. Instead of being censured, the Wilsons should have been lauded for exposing a man who had long been unfavorably known, and who had such a habit



Miss Muriel Wilson.
From a miniature by Amalia Küster.



Lady Colebrooke.

From a miniature by Amalia Küssner.

of boasting of his gallantries that he was known in London society as "William Tell." Miss Wilson is a beautiful girl and an heiress. She is a favorite guest at country house parties, where she is always certain to keep the air stirred in her vicinity.

Several of the portraits presented in these pages are engraved from miniatures by Miss Amalia Küssner, who went to London from New York not long ago. That of Mrs. Arthur Paget, printed last month, was her first commission in England. It introduced the artist to the inner circle of Britain's best society, and her dainty work was so much admired that she was hailed as a new Angelica Kauffmann. She has had among her sitters the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Helen Vincent, and many other titled beauties. Two more, whose faces appear here, are the Dowager Countess of Dudley and Lady Colebrooke. Georgina of Dudley, wife of the late earl, was a daughter of a Scottish baronet, Sir Thomas

Moncreiffe, and for many years after her marriage in 1865 she was a reigning belle in London. She is one of eight beautiful sisters, five of whom married men of title. Louisa Moncreiffe, the eldest, is the present Duchess of Atholl; Helen, the second, is Lady Forbes; Harriet married Sir Charles Mordaunt, and was the defendant in a divorce case in which the Prince of Wales was involved, and which caused no small sensation at the time; and yet another Miss Moncreiffe became Lady Muir-Mackenzie. Lady Colebrooke belongs to the numerous Paget family, being one of the fourteen children of General Lord Alfred Paget, son of Wellington's famous cavalry leader. Two of her brothers are married to Americans—Arthur, whose wife was the daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens, and Almeric, married not long ago to Miss Pauline Whitney. Lady Colebrooke's husband is a young baronet, Sir Edward Colebrooke.

Lady Colebrooke is connected with the Vanderbilts through her brother's marriage to Miss Whit-



Georgina, Countess of Dudley.

From a miniature by Amalia Küssner.



The Princess Albert Radziwill and Mrs. Eugene Kelly, Jr.
From a photograph by Mendelsohn, New York.



Miss Edith Van Buren.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

ney, and that of Harry Payne Whitney to Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, of whom a portrait, engraved from a miniature, appears on page 312. Like her cousin, the Duchess of Marlborough, Miss Vanderbilt was married so young that New York society has had small opportunity of knowing her. She has led that happy life which has no history. We know that she was a child with a delightful fancy. When she was quite a little girl, she read a fairy story in which the heroine lived behind a pair of tall iron gates. These gates made such an impression upon her imagination that she never forgot them, and when her father built his new palace on Fifth Avenue, he had her fairy tale gates made real. She

and her young husband delighted their parents by marrying. It was an ideal match. They had been playmates from childhood, are almost equal in birth and fortune, and are handsome, healthy, and happy. Before her marriage, the bride made an important conquest of her young husband's bachelor uncle, Colonel Oliver Payne, the oil millionaire, and he sent her for a wedding gift a pearl necklace ten feet long. It surpassed the famous one collected by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, which has astonished London on the neck of the Duchess of Marlborough.

Mrs. Burke-Roche is one of the few New York women whose photographs have been sold in the London shops with the English

royalties and beauties. She is the daughter of Mr. Frank Work, and was married in 1880 to the Hon. James Burke-Roche, the brother of Lord Fermoy. She is noted not only for her beauty but for her sparkling cleverness, which stamps itself upon everything she undertakes. She inherits much of her father's love of horses. Her husband is one of the Irish representatives at West-

arts. Every first night of an important theatrical production, and almost every night of grand opera, find in Mr. and Mrs. Kelly enthusiastic listeners. The wide house on Washington Square where they have made their home has one of the most beautiful interiors in New York. It is filled with priceless old engravings, Spanish laces and embroideries, and hundreds of beautiful



Mrs. Burke-Roche.

From a photograph by Alvan, New York.

minster, a member of the Anti Parnellite faction, but for several years past Mrs. Burke-Roche has lived on this side of the Atlantic.

Mrs. Eugene Kelly, Jr., and her sister, the Princess Albert Radziwill, are well known in three countries as beauties and accomplished women of the larger world which takes in the best of everything. They are natives of the City of Mexico, and were Señorita Sarita and Señorita Pudenciana Milmo. Since her residence in New York, Mrs. Kelly has been known not only as a society woman, but as a patron of the

articles which show the cultivation and wealth of the owners. Mr. Kelly is the son of the late Eugene Kelly, the banker, and his mother was the niece of Archbishop Hughes.

A New York girl with a strong strain of foreign and artistic blood is Miss Aimée Lawrence, daughter of the late John Lawrence. Her mother was Emily La Farge, sister of John La Farge, the famous artist. The French family of La Farge has intermarried with many of the old New York families of English and Dutch origin, so that this young girl has an unusual heritage.

She has the artistic ability of the La Farges, and the beauty of the Lawrences, with that assurance of being upon her own soil which makes her a typical Manhattan girl.

A young girl who has carried the fame of American beauty, daring, and spirit even into the interior of China and Japan, is Miss Edith Van Buren, daughter of the late General Thomas Van Buren, formerly American Minister at Tokio. Her mother

ideas are but the reflex of our own selves, and we admire the types that we can understand. The miracle of man's creation from the soil of the earth is repeated every day. The sturdy, handsome, pink and white Englishman grows upon a rich soil long subdued to the use of man, and under a mild and even sky. He is stolid as well as solid, and little given to impulse. It is this race that was transplanted to America, into a clear, bright, exhilarating atmosphere, into



Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney.

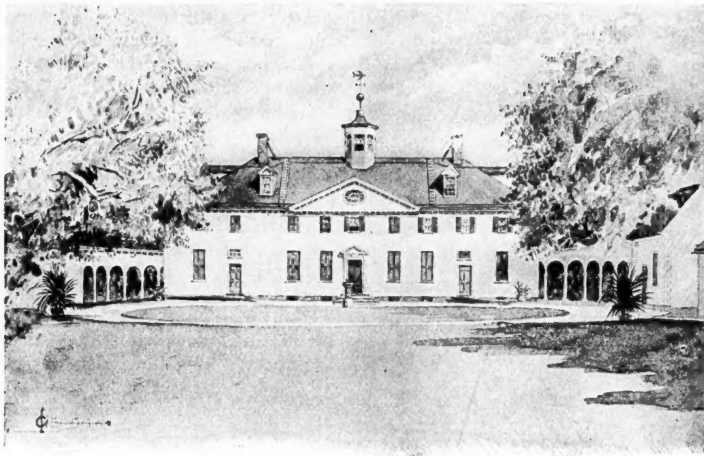
From a miniature.

was the daughter of Joseph Sheffield, who founded Sheffield Hall, the scientific school at Yale; and she is a niece of Mrs. William Walter Phelps. But it is by no means through her ancestry alone that Miss Van Buren is known. She is a great traveler, and wherever she goes her beauty makes her conspicuous. At Nice, last year, she took the first prize in the "Battle of Flowers," for the most beautifully decorated carriage. Her victoria was covered with white narcissus and lilacs, while she herself wore dark green velvet, with her coachman in a livery of the time of Louis XVI.

It is natural that an American should consider his own women the most beautiful in the world. After all, our thoughts and

extremes of heat and cold, and sharp geological changes in the soil and water. As a result, we have the thinner, quicker, more impulsive and vivacious American, mingled, as years go by, with a strong infusion of Celtic and Teutonic blood, and with traces of that of many other races.

We can imagine that an Englishman may think our women too slender, too mobile and mercurial; they may startle him, perhaps; but after all they have more of the characteristics of a cosmopolite than any other women in the world. The Englishman need not regard them as aliens, as something to be coldly regarded, but as a development of his own womenkind under novel and interesting conditions.



Mount Vernon.

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

VIII.—THE WASHINGTONS.

THE FAMILY THAT GAVE TO OUR REPUBLIC ITS FOUNDER AND MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN—
THE ENGLISH ORIGIN OF THE WASHINGTONS, THEIR EARLY PROMINENCE IN VIRGINIA,
AND THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MAKING OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

ALTHOUGH Washington is perhaps the most familiar name in the United States comparatively little is known of the early history of the family. It is, however, certain that before emigrating to this country the Washingtons were for many generations gentlemen of good standing in Lancashire and Northamptonshire. They were a quiet race, stanch churchmen, mostly engaged in agricultural pursuits, though many of them left their broad acres to become soldiers or divines. One of them, Colonel James Washington, was a gallant officer in the army of Charles I, and was slain during the siege of Pontefract. A few years later—in 1657, after the total defeat of the royalist cause—two of the colonel's kinsmen left England for Virginia.

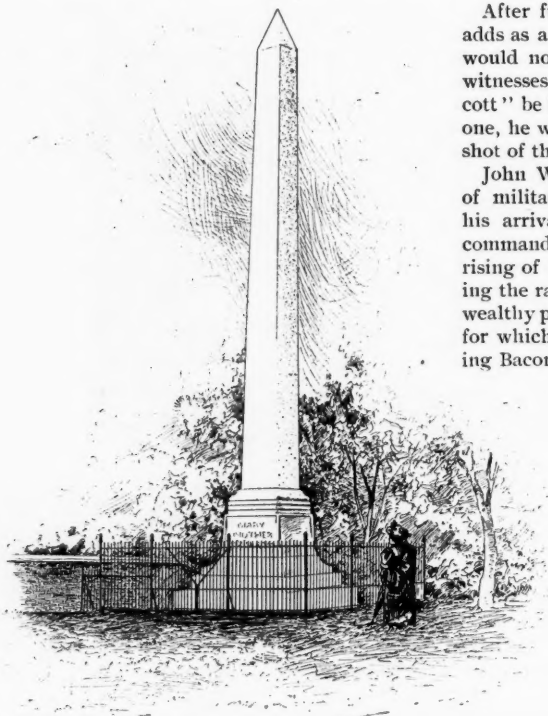
The result of recent researches into the genealogy of George Washington's English ancestors was given in an article published in this magazine last February. The First President himself was much interested in the early annals of his family, and in 1799 wrote to Baron Von Washington of Munich:

There can be but little doubt, sir, of our descending from the same stock, as the branches of it proceeded from the same country; at what time your ancestors left England is not mentioned; mine came to America nearly 150 years ago.

The first American Washingtons were two brothers, John and Lawrence, sons of the Rev. Lawrence Washington, a fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, and rector of Purleigh, in Essex. The names of John and Lawrence have appeared in almost every generation of the family. The two



George Washington's Book Plate.



Mary Washington's Monument at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

emigrants settled near the Potomac River, in Westmoreland County, between Pope's and Bridges' Creeks. The provincial records of Maryland for 1659 contain a complaint made by John Washington against Edward Prescott, merchant, "accusing ye s'd Prescott of felony unto ye Gouvernor of this Province, alleging how that hee ye s'd Prescott hanged a witch on his ship as hee was outward bound from England within the last yeare, upon which complaynt of ye s'd Washington the Gouvernor caused ye s'd Edward Prescott to bee arrested, taking bond for his appearance at this Provincial Court of 4000 pounds tobacco." Washington was summoned to appear and make good his charge, to which he sent the following reply:

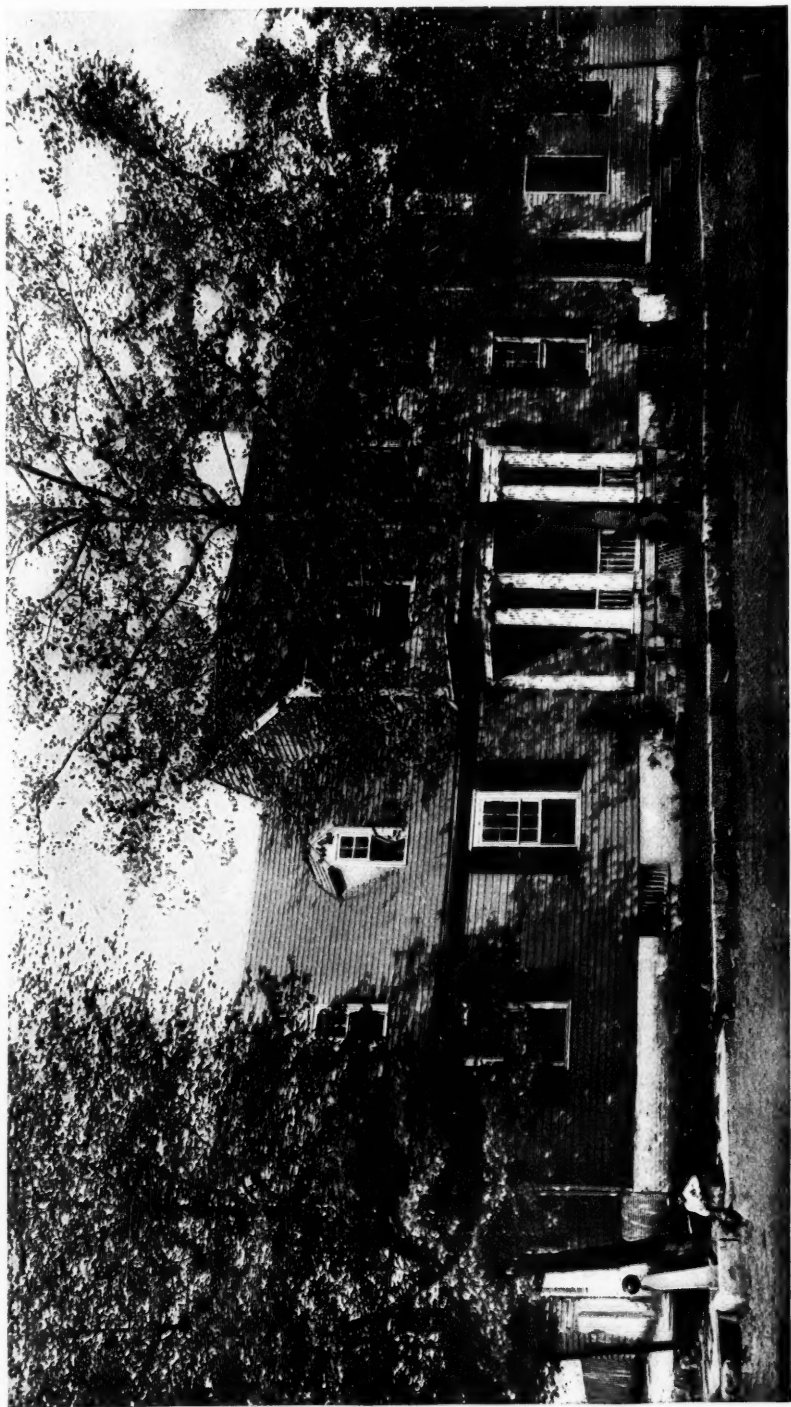
Hon'ble Sr., yrs of the 29th instant this day I received. I am sorry y't my extraordinary occasions will not permit me to bee at ye next provincial court to be held at Maryland ye fourth of this next Month. Because then God willing I intend to gett my young sonne baptized. All of ye companie of Gossips being already invited.

After furnishing this weighty reason he adds as a secondary consideration that he would not have time to get together his witnesses, but promises if "ye s'd Prescott" be bound over to the next court but one, he will appear against him. The upshot of this little matter is not known.

John Washington had some knowledge of military matters. Several years after his arrival in Virginia he was placed in command of an expedition to quell an uprising of the Susquehanna Indians, receiving the rank of colonel. Like most of the wealthy planters he was an ardent royalist, for which cause his house was sacked during Bacon's Rebellion. He was a leading justice of the Northern Neck, and at various times member of the House of Burgesses and the Virginia Assembly. In memory of his distinguished services to the colony, the parish in which he lived was named after him, and is called Washington Parish to this day. He was married three times. Anne, his second wife, had also indulged in a previous matrimonial venture, and it was as the fair widow Broadhurst that she bestowed her hand upon Colonel Washington. Upon her death he



Mary Washington.



Mary Washington's House at Fredericksburg, Virginia.
From a photograph



Eleanor Parke Custis, Adopted Daughter of George Washington.

married another widow—Frances, daughter of Colonel Valentine Peyton. By neglecting to change his will, which had been made before his third marriage, he caused no little confusion. His will and that of his brother Lawrence were made the same year, 1675, and were proven in 1677, only four days apart. Thus the two brothers who together had come to a strange and distant land

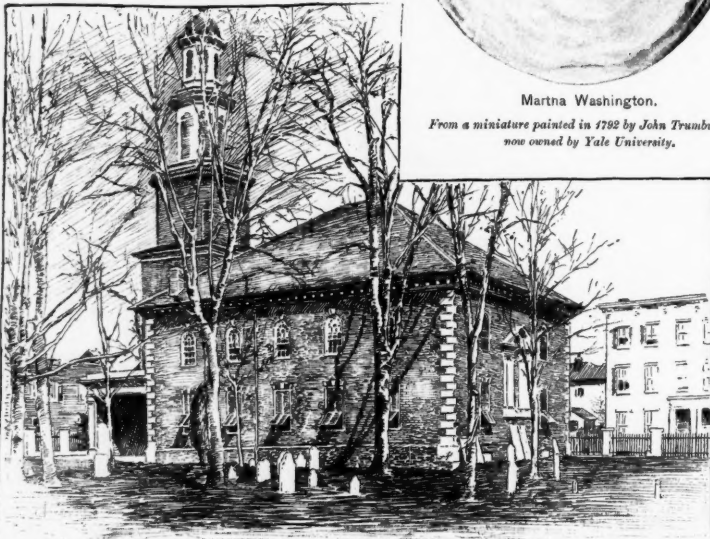
must have started forth together on the last long journey too.

By John Washington's marriage with Anne Broadhurst he had two sons, John and Lawrence, and a daughter, Anne, who married Francis Wright. Lawrence, the second son, married Mildred, daughter of Colonel Augustine Warner, of Gloucester County, and took up his abode in that county on the Piaukatank River, where he remained until his death in 1698. Like his father, he left two sons and one daughter, Mildred, who was twice married, first to Roger Gregory and afterwards to Colonel Henry Willis. It is said that this gallant colonel—who was the founder of Fredericksburg—married three widows, each of whom he had vainly courted in girlhood. Strangely enough, two of them were Mildred Wash-

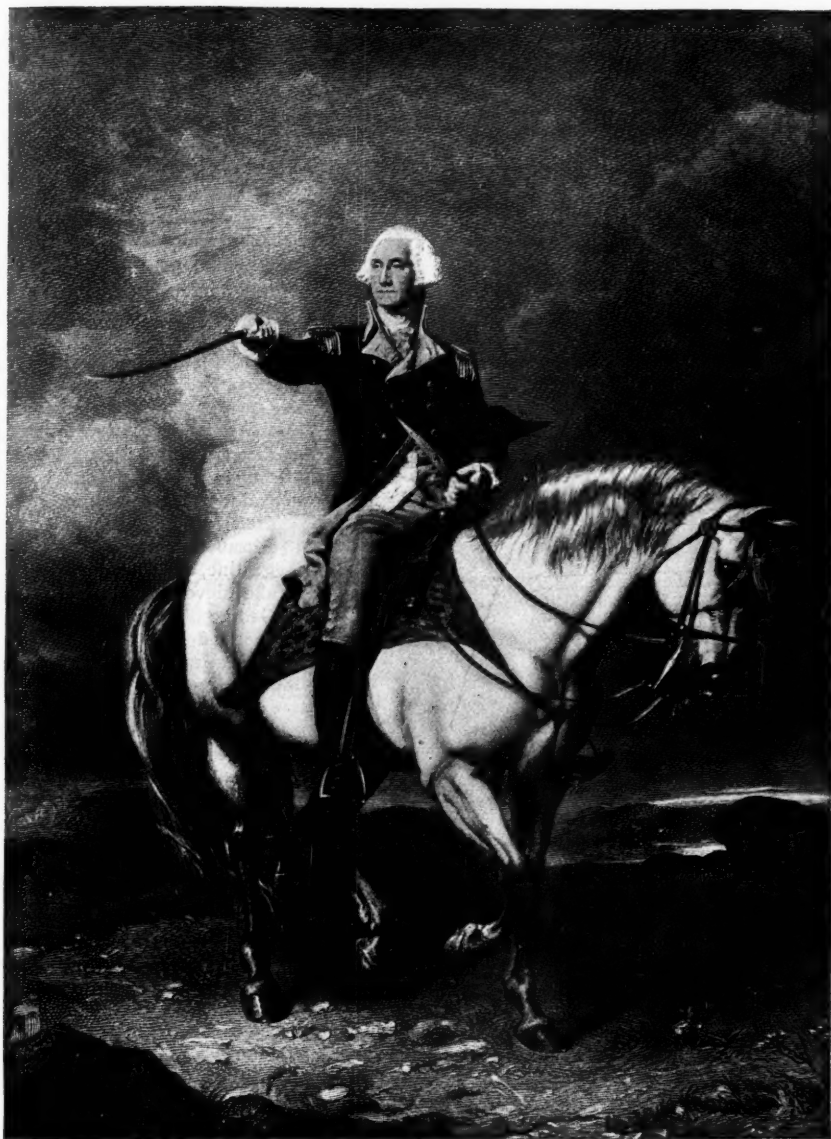


Martha Washington.

From a miniature painted in 1782 by John Trumbull, and now owned by Yale University.



Christ Church, Alexandria (Built 1773), of which George Washington was a Vestryman.



George Washington as Commander in Chief of the Continental Army.

From the painting by John Faed.

ingtons—one the godmother, the other the grand aunt, of George Washington.

After Lawrence Washington's death his widow went to England with her children. In those days the bereaved quickly consoled themselves, and a few months afterwards we find Mildred espousing one George Gale, of Whitehaven, in Cumberland.

Augustine, the second son of Lawrence

Washington, was the father of George Washington. He is described as a tall man, of noble bearing, with fair complexion and fine gray eyes. After remaining some time in England, he returned to Virginia, and by 1715 had married Jane Butler, and settled down as a planter in Westmoreland County. In 1728 his helpmate died, leaving four children, of whom only two—Lawrence



The Houdon Statue of George Washington in the State House at Richmond—
The Only Authentic Portrait Sculpture of Washington.

and Augustine—grew to maturity. Two years later, true to the custom of his family, the widower married again. His second bride was Mary Ball of Lancaster County. She was the daughter of Colonel Joseph Ball, and was descended from respectable English colonists, who had settled on the banks of the Potomac.

Mary Ball's early life was quietly passed at Epping Forest, her father's plantation, where she was bred in the domestic virtues which characterized the matrons of her day. She was little versed in book lore, but was of such commanding character as to inspire respect and obedience in all surrounding her, even in those who loved her most. We are told that her sons, though "proper tall fellows," were wont to sit "as mute as mice" in her presence. Only one thing could subdue her dauntless spirit, and that

was the fear of lightning. In her youth a friend had been killed by lightning in her presence, and always after, at the approach of a thunder storm, Mrs. Washington would retire to her room, where she would shrink and tremble like the weakest of her sisters.

For several years after their marriage she lived at Wakefield, her husband's home on the Potomac, and there in 1732 George Washington, her eldest son, was born. A few years later the family removed to a house in Stafford County, near Fredericksburg, where Augustine Washington died in April, 1743. Besides her two stepsons, the young widow was left with five children of her own—George, Elizabeth, Samuel, John Augustine, and Charles. To them she devoted her life, and George Washington always declared that his successful career was the result of his mother's teachings.

Mrs. Washington continued to live at her Stafford County home until the Revolution, when her son caused her to be moved into Fredericksburg, for greater safety. The unpretentious frame house in which she resided is still standing. In her will—dated May 20, 1789—she makes many bequests, characteristic

of her day and generation. To her daughter in law, Hannah Washington, there was left "my purple cloath cloak lined with shag"; to her grandson, Fielding Lewis, "the blue and white tea china," also, "half my kitchen furniture and half my pewter." Further on we see: "I devise all my wearing apparel to be equally divided between my granddaughters, Betty Carter, Fanny Ball, and Milly Washington; but should my daughter, Betty Lewis, fancy any one or two or three articles thereof she is to have them before any division thereof." We wonder if the worthy Mistress Betty embraced this golden opportunity!

Augustine Washington's only daughter, Elizabeth, or Betty, had married Colonel Fielding Lewis, of Fredericksburg. In speaking of her in his memoirs of Washington, George Washington Parke Custis

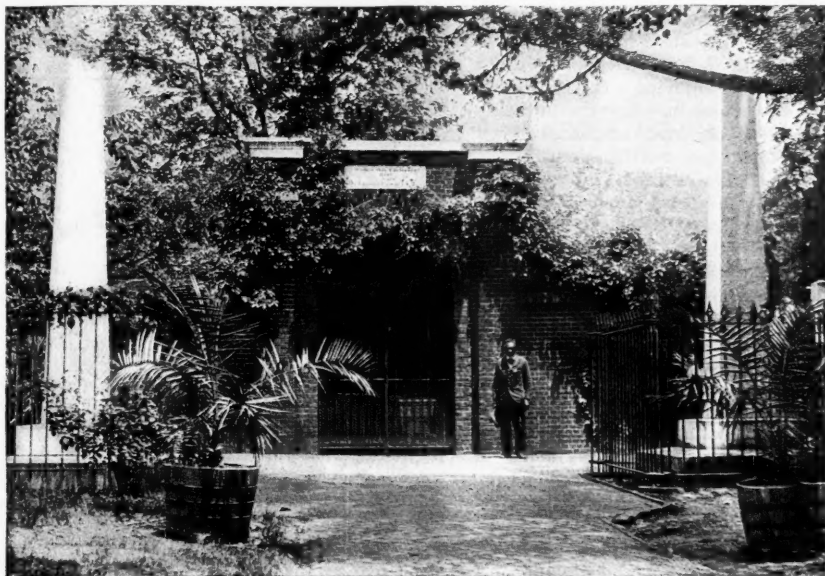


The Bed Room in which George Washington Died.

says: "She was a most majestic looking woman, and so strikingly like her brother that it was a matter of frolic to throw a cape around her, and placing a military hat on her head, such was the amazing resemblance that on her appearance battalions would have presented arms and senates risen to do homage to the chief."

Colonel Fielding Lewis was an ardent patriot, but was prevented by ill health

from taking part in the Revolutionary war. When too weak to mount his horse, he drove in his chariot to the neighboring court house, where he made a valiant speech calling for volunteers, which induced many to come forward. Mrs. Lewis used to tell that upon hearing of the stand taken by the people of Boston in regard to the tea tax, her husband confiscated all the tea on his estate and locked it in a strong closet.



George Washington's Tomb at Mount Vernon.

From a photograph.



Colonel Samuel Washington, Brother of George Washington.

From a portrait at Harwood, Jefferson County, West Virginia—Published by the courtesy of his great granddaughter, Miss Eugenia Washington.

Time passed, and luxuries vanished. Finally, after being denied her favorite beverage for many a day, Mrs. Lewis' patriotism waned. During the colonel's absence she procured access to the proscribed article, and with a friend was enjoying a cup of tea and a dish of gossip, when the untimely arrival of her husband changed their merriment into mortification.

Major Lawrence Washington was the only child of Augustine Washington's first marriage who survived his father. Fifteen years older than his half brother George, he was the latter's wise counselor and loyal friend. Early in life he entered the army, and served gallantly with Admiral Vernon's unsuccessful expedition against the Spanish stronghold of Cartagena, in South America. He married Anne Fairfax, daughter of William Fairfax of Belvoir. The bride was famed far and near for her beauty; and as the dashing bridegroom himself possessed no small share of good looks, they formed so comely a couple as to be the boast of all the country round. At his father's death Lawrence inherited a tract of twenty five hundred

acres on the Potomac, on which he built a house containing four rooms. This he named Mount Vernon, in honor of his old commander, to whom he was devotedly attached. Over one of the mantels there still hangs a picture which was sent to Lawrence Washington by Admiral Vernon.

Lawrence and Augustine Washington assisted in organizing the Ohio Company, which contributed to the development of the Western country by exploring and founding settlements. The elder brother was only thirty three when his health gave way. With his half brother George he went to the island of Barbados to recuperate, but returned to die in the following year. He left Mount Vernon to Sarah, his only surviving child; and at her death, which occurred within twelve months, the estate passed into the hands of George Washington. But it was not until several years later, after his marriage to the widow Custis in January, 1759, that the latter took up his permanent abode at the famous old house. He resided there until the outbreak of the Revolution, and returned thither in 1783, when he resigned his commission as commander



Colonel Fielding Lewis.

From a portrait at Marmon, King George County, Virginia.

in chief of the victorious American armies. Its comparatively small dimensions were now doubled by the addition of wings, for which General Washington himself drew the plans. He remained at Mount Vernon until his inauguration as First President of the United States, on the 16th of April, 1789. To this beloved home he always returned in the intervals of his public duties, and here, on the 14th of December, 1799, he died.

The following eulogy was found at Mount Vernon, written by an unknown visitor, supposed to be an English traveler, on the back of a small portrait of Washington :

Magnanimous in youth,
Glorious through life,
Great in death,
His highest ambition the happiness of mankind,
His noblest victory the conquest of himself—
Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame,
And building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen.



John Augustine Washington, Brother of George Washington.

When the vault in which Washington lay was to be closed, his widow requested that it should not be sealed, as the custom was, but that a door be made, for "it would have to be opened soon." Her presentiment proved true, as she survived him little more than two years. The career of "Lady Washington," as she was generally styled, had been a notable one. As Martha Dandridge, she had held sway as a foremost belle in the gay society of

Williamsburg, presided over by the royal governors. At the age of seventeen she married Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, of New Kent County, and upon his death was left one of the youngest and wealthiest widows in the colony.

Upon the death of John Parke Custis, his wife's son by her first husband, Washington adopted the young man's two children, George Washington Parke Custis and Eleanor Parke Custis. The latter inherited her grandmother's beauty and charm, and was a great favorite with the general. On February 22, 1799—the last birthday that Washington spent on earth—she was married to his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, in the drawing room at Mount Vernon. The wedding has been described by William H. Snowden :

The mansion was decked with flowers and evergreens, and all the gentlefolks of the surrounding country were invited. The ceremony was performed in the great drawing room, lighted by many waxen tapers, which brought out in strong relief the silent portraits on the walls, in curious contrast with the merry throng below them. The stately minuet was danced, and the spirited Virginia



Mrs. Fielding Lewis, George Washington's Only Sister.
From a portrait at Marston, King George County, Virginia.



William Augustine Washington, Nephew of George Washington.

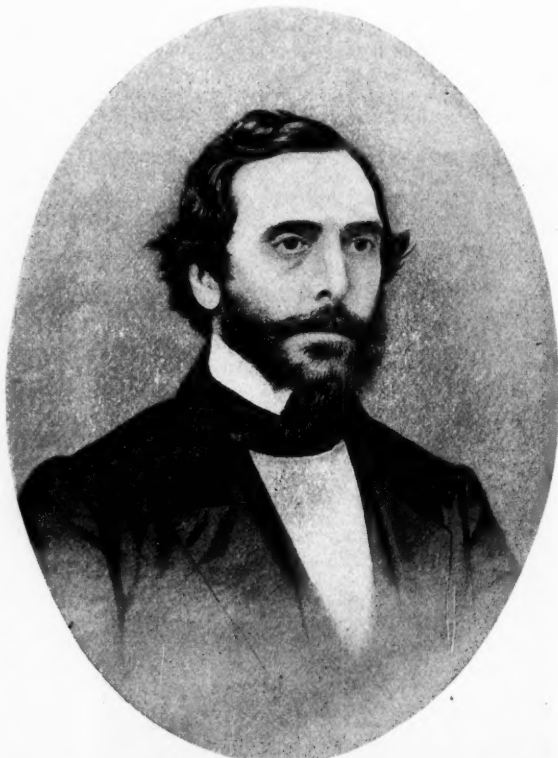
From a portrait by St. Meurin—Published by the courtesy of his descendant, Mrs. Fanny W. Finch.

reel. It was a brilliant scene. The picturesque costumes of colonial days were still in vogue—rich fabrics and richer colors, stomachers and short clothes, with jeweled buckles and broaches, powder and ruffles everywhere. Mount Vernon never witnessed such a scene again. Ten months later, in the same long drawing room, so lately the scene of these bridal festivities, the body of the great chief lay on its sable bier.

Samuel Washington, the eldest full brother of George, was a man of influence and some prominence. He served as colonial justice of the peace and high sheriff, and during the Revolutionary war rose to the rank of colonel. Both he and his brother Charles were signers of the Westmoreland Declaration, the famous document drawn up by the patriots of the Northern Neck in protest against the Stamp Act. Samuel Washington built the homestead of Harewood, in Jefferson County, West Virginia, which is said to have been modeled after an old Washington

mansion in England. It is still in possession of his descendants. Samuel evidently believed that it is not good for man to live alone, for when he died, at the age of forty seven, he had been married five times, thus outdoing even the family record. His various wives were Jane Champe, Mildred Thornton, Lucy Chapman, Annie Steptoe, and Susannah Perrine.

George Steptoe Washington, son of the fourth Mrs. Samuel Washington, was an officer in the United States army. He married the beautiful Lucy Payne, of Philadelphia, who vied in wit and sprightliness with her famous sister, Dolly Madison. He was one of the five nephews whom George Washington named as his executors, and to whom he left his swords with the injunction, now so well known, "not to unsheathe them for the purpose of shedding blood except it be for self defense or in the defense of their country or



Colonel John Augustine Washington, Jr., the Last Owner of Mount Vernon.

Published by the courtesy of his son, Mr. George Washington.

its rights; and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed, and to prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

Another of the executors, Bushrod Washington, was the son of John Augustine Washington and Hannah Bushrod, of Westmoreland County. He was educated at William and Mary College, and later served in the Continental army under Lafayette. When only thirty six, President John Adams appointed him to a place upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mount Vernon was left to him by his uncle, and after the death of Martha Washington he resided there, dispensing a liberal hospitality. He in turn, leaving no children, willed the property to his nephew John Augustine Washington, from whom it passed into the hands of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, and was dedicated to the people of the United States.

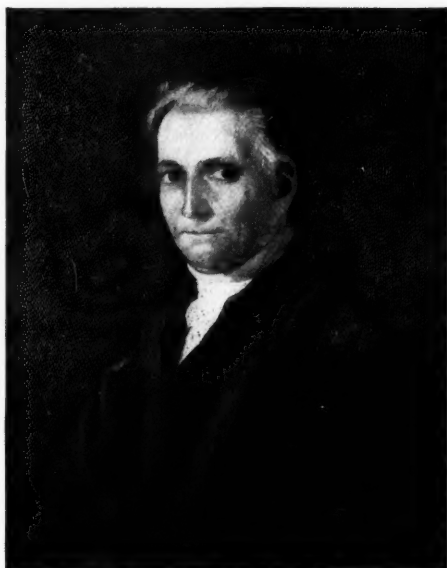
The only American woman to whom a public monument has been erected is the mother of George Washington. Mary Washington's grave is near her home in Fredericksburg, on the spot where she is said to have spent a part of each day in prayer and meditation during the dark hours of the Revolution. In 1833 a New York merchant, Silas Burrows, proposed to mark it with a fine marble obelisk, the cornerstone of which was laid by President Andrew Jackson. But Mr. Burrows failed, and only the pedestal was built. For sixty years the monument remained unfinished and neglected, and during the civil war it was damaged by shot and shell from both armies. In 1890, on Washington's Birthday, the Daughters of the American Revolution issued a call for funds to complete it, and the necessary amount was raised.

A few years before Mary Washington's death, Lafayette, who was about to return to France, journeyed to Fredericksburg for the special purpose of meeting her. He was guided to her modest dwelling by one of her grandsons. Though she was nearly eighty years old, they found her busily at work in her garden, clad in a home spun gown.

"Ah, marquis," she said, "you see an old woman. But come in, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress."

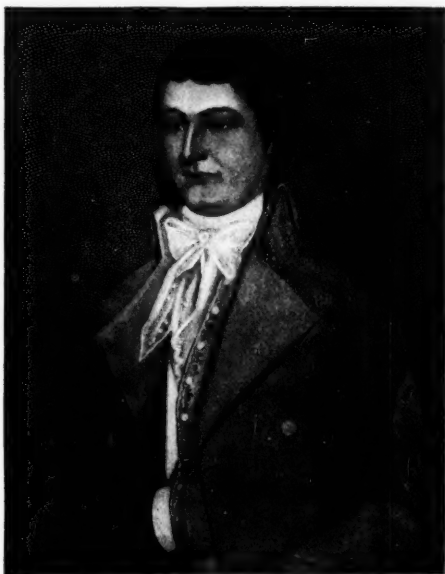
The gallant Frenchman, charmed with her unaffected greeting, remained talking with her for some time, and upon leaving bent his head to crave her blessing.

Though her eldest and greatest son died without issue, Mary Washington



Bushrod Washington, Justice of the Supreme Court.

Published by the courtesy of Mr. Bushrod Washington, of Charlestown, West Virginia.



George Steptoe Washington, Son of Samuel Washington.

From a portrait owned by Mrs. L. Montgomery Bond of Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

has living descendants through several lines. Of those who bear the name of Washington, one of the most prominent is William d' Hertburne Washington, formerly American consul at London, Canada, who traces his descent to two brothers and a sister of George Washington. Another living member of the family is Colonel Joseph E.

Washington, of Tennessee, who has served several terms in Congress.

The Washingtons, past and present, have always been characterized by love of justice, accurate reasoning powers, solid rather than brilliant minds, and excellent judgment—qualities justly prized by the nation whose most illustrious son was a Washington.

Mary Lyons Mayo.

Louise Allan Mayo.



In Mid Winter.

The whirling snowflakes blur the moon,
And choke the singing weir;
Yet 'tis not hard to dream of June,
When you, my Rose, are here!

Clinton Scollard.

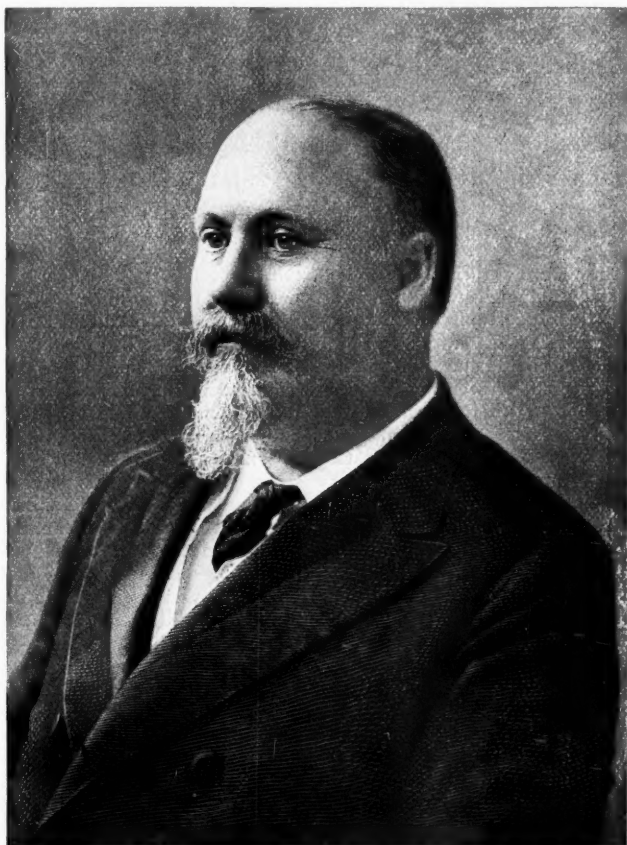
IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A FAMOUS "REFORM MAYOR."

Hazen S. Pingree of Detroit has become a national character because all things are possible to an honorable ambition in this republic. As a boy, the son of a poor farmer in Maine, he put his fingers into the straps of his boots; and for forty years he has pulled steadily, lifting himself to fortune and a unique political fame.

Eight years ago Mr. Pingree was just starting upon a business trip, when he was called into a Republican caucus in Detroit, and requested to run for the mayoralty. His party had long been in the minority and its nomination was usually given to any one

willing to make a campaign contribution in return for the empty compliment. But Mr. Pingree took it in earnest. He made a personal canvass. He went among the laboring men and the poorer householders and promised to give them a fair share of the benefits of city government. His carriage was to be seen almost every day in some narrow street that never felt the paver's pick nor heard the rumble of the garbage cart, surrounded by a crowd of Poles or Bohemians. He preached reform early and late, and the politicians who had nominated him chuckled to see the energy with which he scattered what they regarded simply as election bait



Hazen S. Pingree, Mayor of Detroit.

From a photograph by Hayes, Detroit.



George Fred Williams.

From a photograph by Marshall, Boston.

for votes. They were surprised when he was elected, and still more astonished when he took the earliest opportunity of proving that he had meant all he said.

Believing that he could benefit the greatest number of people by securing cheaper transit, Mayor Pingree demanded three cent fares on the street cars. The corporations ridiculed his suggestion, and the attack upon a "vested interest" made all their adherents his enemies. The mayor thereupon boarded a car, offered three cents to the conductor, was put off, and brought suit against the company. For two years the question was fought in the courts, but the fight ended in victory for Mr. Pingree.

His next move was to gain for the city control over its public lighting, and to secure cheaper gas for private consumers. It took a year to accomplish this, and another set of men became his enemies. Then he insisted that paving should be done directly by the board of public works, and as a result Detroit now proudly boasts that it is the cleanest city in America.

It was the "potato patch" movement that turned all eyes to Mayor Pingree, though his other reforms have been of more

real importance. It began with ridicule, but it has proved to be successful and beneficent. One morning Mr. Pingree announced that he had six hundred acres of land ready for cultivation by the industrious poor; that those ignorant of agricultural methods would be supplied with a book of instructions; and that every applicant must agree to abide by certain specified rules. The mayor constantly drove among his new landholders, who numbered nearly two thousand heads of families; and his critics said it was all for political ends. He replied by pointing to the police records, which showed a remarkable diminution of crime in localities that had been among the worst in Detroit. He declared that it was the best and cheapest means of making good citizens that a city had ever tried.

When Mr. Pingree began life by cutting leather soles for four dollars a week, he used to work ten hours a day. At the Detroit city hall his office hours are from seven in the morning until midnight.

A SILVER CHAMPION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Almost if not quite the most talked of man in New England during the last few

months has been George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts. To the politicians of the Bay State he has been a firebrand such as General Butler never was. He helped to rend asunder the Republicans, and now he has split the Democrats into three factions. He has been a fighter ever since the memorable campaign of 1884, when he bolted Blaine's nomination, and became

sachusetts. From that point he has waged a sharp warfare against nearly all the former leaders of his party in the State. On the night before the convention that was to nominate a candidate for the governorship, he addressed a gathering in the convention hall. He declared that his opponents intended to pack the next day's meeting against him, and appealed to his



Felix Adler.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

one of the original mugwumps. Then the Democrats elected him to the Legislature and later to Congress, where he became known as an enemy of tariffs and an active opponent of the movement for the unlimited coinage of silver. Last April he was elected a delegate to the Chicago convention on a gold platform; but a week before the meeting of that now historic gathering he surprised both friends and foes by announcing that he had experienced a change of heart, and had resolved to speak and work for silver.

When his new allies triumphed at Chicago, Mr. Williams would probably have been named for the vice presidency but for the action of his fellow delegates from Mas-

sachusetts to prevent it by remaining in their seats all night. This was done, and amid much excitement and some disorder Mr. Williams' friends succeeded in holding the fort and nominating him. The result of the election is not known as we go to press, but it is expected that Governor Wolcott will be reelected by an emphatic majority.

Mr. Williams is a blue eyed, light complexioned, well dressed bachelor of forty four, who looks younger than he is. He is of German stock; his father came to America as George Weinigman and changed his name to Williams. The son was born at Dedham, where he resides. He is a lawyer, and a graduate of Dartmouth, where he was

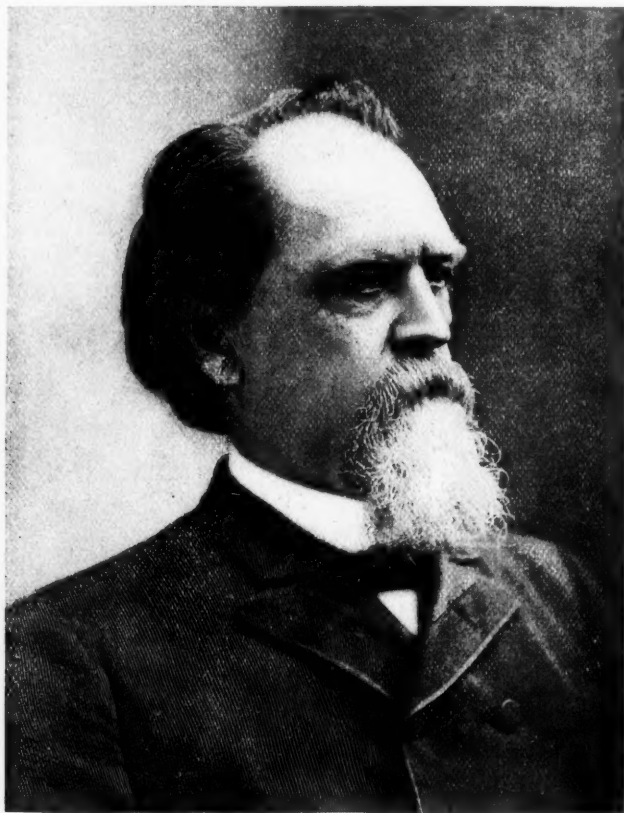
a classmate of Frank S. Black, who is likely to have been elected governor of New York when this appears.

THE APOSTLE OF A CREEDLESS CHURCH.

There was held at Zurich, Switzerland, during the past summer, the first international

and breathing the loftiest ethical principles, it contained no mention of the name of God. Friends came to him and asked whether he expected to become a rabbi.

"No," he told them frankly, "my idea is to found a church wherein may be preached the gospel of right conduct and



General John B. Gordon, United States Senator from Georgia.

From a photograph by Motes, Atlanta.

convention of the societies of the ethical culture movement, which was organized in New York just twenty years ago by Felix Adler. Exactly what this movement is, and in what respects it differs from Christianity on the one hand and atheism on the other, many people do not know, although its founder's name may be familiar to them.

Professor Adler's father was rabbi of the Temple Emanu-El, a leading New York synagogue, and the son was educated to succeed him. But the young man's first address to his father's congregation created a sensation. Full of philosophic thought,

pure living, but which shall have no creed to be a stumbling block to those who would join hands with us. In short, I wish to supply a sanctuary for the unchurched."

A little band gathered around him, and a new sect was launched. Meetings are held on Sunday morning, with singing by a chorus and a lecture by Professor Adler. Then there are a Sunday school and various forms of benevolent work. The dead are buried with an appropriate service, and marriages are solemnized, a special act of the Legislature having given Professor Adler authority to do this.



Lord Tennyson.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

The professor himself is a firm believer in immortality, and belongs to the transcendental school. From his followers he asks for no beliefs, only works. His one aim is to band men and women together with a high moral purpose in life. No missionaries are sent out, no overt effort is made to secure converts from other sects. The movement exists for the benefit of those who wish to avail themselves of it, and from New York it has spread to Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities of this country, and has also many followers in Europe.

GENERAL GORDON OF GEORGIA.

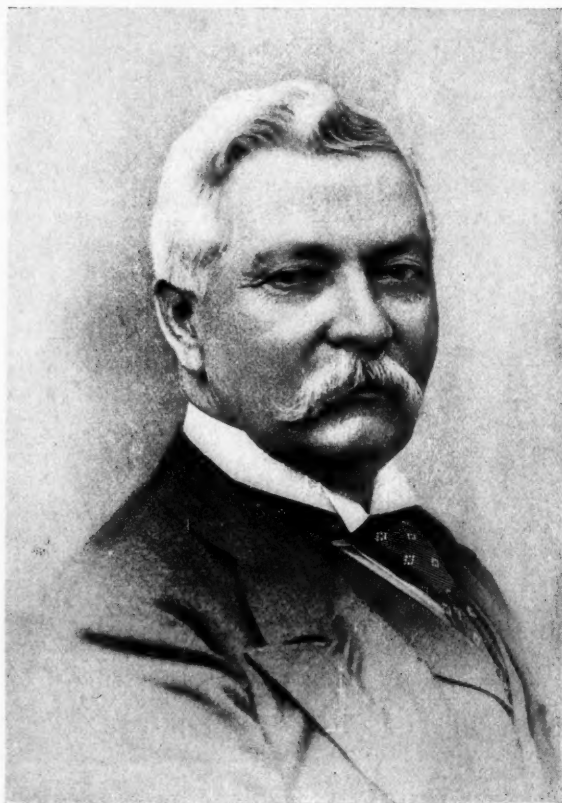
Thirty one years after the close of the civil war no general officer of either army is

left alive, and of the next grade, that of lieutenant general, there remain only five or six Southern veterans, the most prominent ones being Generals Longstreet, Buckner, Wade Hampton, and John B. Gordon.

General Gordon has won a wide reputation as a speaker; but never, probably, has he risen to such power and pathos as when, on the day of Lee's surrender, he gathered about him the remnant of his shattered regiments and exhorted his heart broken men to go home in peace, to obey the Federal authorities, and to set to work to rebuild a united country. Gordon had entered the Confederate service as a private, and had won his way to the command of a division of the Army of Northern Virginia. After

Appomattox, he was one of the first to follow his own instructions. Never losing the high place he had held in the hearts of the Southern people, he became as prominent in peace as he had been in war. He has twice been elected Governor of Georgia,

and was the great poet's closest friend and companion, though in many respects their personalities were very dissimilar. During the later years of Tennyson's life all his business arrangements were made by his son, to whose good management the very



Henry M. Stanley, M. P.

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

and thrice to the United States Senate. He has announced that his present term at Washington will be his last, as he proposes to devote himself to lecturing and literature.

A GREAT POET'S SON.

The life of Tennyson which is soon to be published by his son will be an interesting and important volume. It may prove, moreover, to be a good piece of literary work, for the present Lord Tennyson is a man of culture and ability, although he inherited none of the poetic genius that created the "Idyls of the King." He has always been devoted to his father's works,

considerable fortune left by the laureate was largely due.

The present Lord Tennyson's life at Aldworth, the place his father built in the Surrey hills, is that of an old fashioned English country gentleman. He is the poet's only living child, his younger brother, Lionel Tennyson, who married the daughter of Frederick Locker, having died at sea while on his way home from India.

STANLEY AFRICANUS.

A German scientist has started a report that Henry M. Stanley's skin is turning black. The statement may be only another

evidence of the ill feeling between the nations who are racing for supremacy in Africa; or it may be, as its author claims, an interesting discovery in medicine. It seems that years ago, during Stanley's journeys in the Dark Continent, the explorer learned that a foreigner can secure immunity from the dreaded fevers of the tropical coast regions by a transfusion of blood from the veins of a native. He submitted to the operation five times, and found it an effectual protection; but now it is said that the pigment that makes the African native black has been gradually deposited in his skin, until his complexion has become that of a dark mulatto.

The great achievements that will make Stanley live in history seem to be over. At fifty five or thereabouts—for he does not know his own age exactly—he has settled down as a sedate Londoner, a member of the "finest club in England" as the Unionist

representative of North Lambeth. We heard a good deal, about a year ago, of his maiden speech in Parliament. It was a spirited defense of the British "imperialistic" policy in Africa, which Sir Charles Dilke has attacked as unwise and unprofitable. Stanley, a perfect master of his theme, made a striking rehearsal of the value of the vast empire which a few daring pioneers have staked off for colonization and development under the flag of England.

"Africa may never be, as some seem to hope, another North America," said Stanley when he was in New York last winter. "But we must remember that to the first European explorers and settlers America appeared to be as poor a place to live in as Africa appears now. Railroads are what the Dark Continent most needs, and they may do for it almost as much as they have done for America."



CAVE!

DAN CUPID with a bow upon four
strings
Begins a wondrous witching lit-
tle air;
Ah, when such soft, illusive music
wings,
Good sirs, beware!

But when the fair
Dorinda (with four beaux upon a
string)
Assumes a wondrous witching
little air—
This is a yet more heart ensnaring
thing!

Good sirs, take care!

Millicent Catell.

THE WORLD



OF MUSIC.

THE MAPLESON COMPANY.

Colonel Mapleson is to be thanked for giving the public an opportunity of hearing Miss Susan Strong. After her triumphs in Europe, Miss Strong comes back to the people who knew her as a child, and as a young society girl with musical tastes, made over into a prima donna in so short a time that it seems only yesterday that she went away. She returned to America early in

the season, long before the opening of the opera, and has held levees of admiring friends ever since.

Colonel Mapleson claims the creation of thirty two successful American prima donnas and the introduction of more than a hundred famous foreign singers to the American public. Miss Strong scarcely needs the introduction, for her professional reputation is already established, and she



Emma Juch.

From her latest photograph by Dupont, New York.



Emma Eames.

From her latest photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.



Marie Donavin.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

has hosts of personal friends here who know her as the daughter of a former mayor of Brooklyn.

Colonel Mapleson further declares that he has compassed the feat of getting together a cast in which all the sopranos are worthy to be prima donnas, and most of them have been. Mme. Meysenheym was the first singer in Amsterdam, and the same thing is true of Mme. Du Bedat. His chorus, he promises, shall be as good as his

cast; and it is to be hoped that he will keep his word.

AN AMERICAN CONCERT SINGER.

Apropos of Mapleson, he has always been a most discriminating impresario, willing to trust his own judgment of a prima donna, without waiting for years and some chance opportunity to bring her to the front. It was in 1881 that a music teacher in New York asked him to come to a recital by his

pupils, and hear a young New York girl sing. She had scenes from two operas, the first act in "La Traviata," and the garden scene in "Faust." The result was that Colonel Mapleson was so delighted with young Miss Emma Juch that he engaged

lawyer, two years ago, she has been very little before the public.

NORDICA'S ABSENCE.

There is a great deal of speculation as to the singer who will fill Klafsky's place.



Sigrid Arnoldson.

From her latest photograph by Nadar, Paris.

her to sing *Mignon* at the Academy of Music, where she made a great success. Then she was engaged by Theodore Thomas as a soloist, and sang all over the country with his orchestra, becoming in a very short time a reigning favorite among American concert singers.

Miss Juch's voice is still one of the most beautiful ever heard here, but since her marriage to Mr. Wellman, the New York

American audiences want something better and better every year, and will tolerate no retrogression. Klafsky made a place for herself last year, and there is universal sorrow over her death. It was generally supposed that Lillian Nordica would take her parts, but the Metropolitan management has distinctly and finally announced that Mme. Nordica will not sing there this year. It is as generally conceded



Susan Strong as "Brunnhilde."

From her latest photograph by Van der Weyde, London.

that Mr. Damrosch will not allow Lili Lehmann to leave his company and fill the vacant place. He speaks of Frau Mohor-Ravenstein, who hails from the Mannheim opera house, as Klafsky's successor. We hope, rather than expect, that she will verify his prediction.

Allow us to say that the Metropolitan management is not keeping faith with the public. No singer who comes to New York is more generally popular than Mme. Nordica. She is American in every sense. We are protesters against exorbitant salaries, but if they are to be paid, why should they be given to one singer and not to another? The opera managers let Mme. Eames stay away last year, and Mme. Calvé the year before, and glad enough they were to get them both back again. The public does not call in a body at the office of the Abbey firm and protest, when it hears that its favorites are not returning. Its dissatisfaction is shown later, in a negative way. Both Eames and Calvé came back dictating terms. It might be just as well to let Nordica have her way now, before the audiences begin to resent the loss of her beautiful voice and charming personality, and before her demands grow larger. She is one of the most popular singers, and when we are paying for the best in grand opera we have a right to it.

EAMES' RETURN.

The return of Mme. Eames is in the nature of a triumph. She is undoubtedly the most beautiful woman on the operatic stage today, and the pictures of other years fail to give us any thing lovelier. She is still so young that her voice is scarcely in its prime. When the teachers wish to point out an example of what an American girl can do, they show their pupils Emma Eames and Lillian Nordica.

Mme. Eames is a Boston girl. Her first lessons in singing were taken in the New England city under Miss Munger, who advised her talented young pupil to go to Charles B. Adams, and try what she could do in opera. The young girl's first appearance was made in a scene from "Faust." Mr. Adams went to her after the recital was over, and told her that Paris was her next step. In Paris she went to Mme. Marchesi, who has taught Gerster, Melba, Calvé, Sanderson and many others, and in 1889 she made a triumphant début as *Juliet* in Gounod's opera.

In 1891, when Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau secured the Metropolitan, Mme. Eames—or Miss Eames, as she was then—was the

principal soprano of their organization. But a few years changed that. The greatest singers in the world were anxious to come to America, and the managers thought that the American girl might be overlooked. Last year they did not engage her, with the result that she had an opportunity to sing before the most critical audiences in the world, the audiences that had made the success of the foreign singers. They pronounced her a marvel, and this year she comes back to us in triumph.

It is said to have been a great disappointment to Miss Eames' friends when she married Julian Story, the son of William Wetmore Story, the poet artist; but the young painter is coming rapidly before the world, and may yet win as much fame as his brilliant wife.

We shall hear Mme. Eames in a number of new rôles this winter.

ANOTHER PUPIL OF MUNGER.

Miss Clara Munger, of Boston, will presently find herself the Marchesi of America if her pupils continue to go away from her to distinguish themselves. Miss Marie Donavin, of Ohio, is her latest success. Like Emma Eames and several others, she went from Munger to Marchesi. Her American début was made in Brooklyn last season, at Sousa's Easter festival. She has a fine high soprano voice, full of color.

We need concert singers with beauty of voice and the personality that attracts. We want the *vox humana* in the voice, that magnetic quality without which no actress or singer can have real success. In possessing this quality, Nordica and Calvé have a charm which would make them famous on the stage if they spoke instead of singing.

A SCANDINAVIAN SINGER.

Sigrid Arnoldson seems to be the best representative, in these days, of the land which produced Nilsson and Jenny Lind. She is not only a charming singer and a beautiful woman, but she is so magnetic that she attracts the best the world has to give. Her collection of souvenirs of famous people is already wonderful, and by the time she is ready to retire it will probably be one of the most remarkable ever brought together. She is particularly devoted to her autographs.

Her husband, Herr Fischhof, is a nephew of Maurice Strakosch, who was Adelina Patti's maestro as well as Mme. Arnoldson's. He had many friends, and the two are delightful additions to any collection of talented people. Gounod gave Mme. Ar-

noldson his portrait, with "To the charming *Baucis*, Sigrid Arnoldson Fischhof, who never needs to renew her youth—Ch. Gounod," written across it. The great French composer also gave her some original bars of music. Josef Israels, the veteran Dutch painter, has given her a little study of the head of a fisherman. Sarah Bernhardt, M. de Blowitz, Hendrik Ibsen, Zola, Irving, Mascagni, Dumas, Massenet, all the world of music and art have paid some compliment to the pretty young singer, in written words or by some characteristic gift. She and her husband have a castle near Vienna, which is filled with a rare collection of pictures and souvenirs.

MANCINELLI'S NEW OPERA.

The people who study operas even when they cannot hear them will be interested to know that Signor Luigi Mancinelli's "Hero and Leander" is soon to be published. The libretto has been revised from an earlier book written by Arrigo Boito. Boito, who has produced many librettos and one great opera, set his work to music, but destroyed the score some time ago. The style of the new opera is a queer mixture of Italian and Wagnerian methods. It is in three acts. *Hero* is the soprano, *Leander* the tenor, and *Hero's* father a baritone. In some places there is a faint suggestion of "Aida." The ballet is brought in during the second act, and makes part of the ceremonies which introduce *Hero* as a priestess of Aphrodite. The third act shows her looking across the Hellespont, and *Leander* drowning in the storm. *Hero* also jumps into the water to end her own life. Mme. Alboni and Edward Lloyd were long ago announced to sing the leading parts at the Norwich festival, in England.

We need in New York a circulating musical library. Operas and oratorios are expensive, and there are many people who would be enormously benefited if they could have the advantage of seeing all the new music for a small annual sum.

SONGS FROM THE NORTH.

There has recently been issued a book of Scandinavian songs which has been received with delight by those who want new and appropriate chamber music. It is called "Songs From the North."

Among these Scandinavian songs are samples of the work of such men as Grieg, Kjernif, Sverdsen, and Gade. The collection also includes familiar compositions of Ole Bull, Johan Selmer, Ole Olsen, Paul Heise, and others whom we have long

known. All are full of the tender melancholy that is the dominating characteristic of the artistic expression of the Norse mind. The book is of additional value to students because it gives sketches of the musicians represented.

Alexander Bull, a son of Ole Bull, who first taught us to love Norwegian music, arrived in America not long ago on his way to the Northwest, where he will give a series of concerts. A statue of Ole Bull by the late sculptor Fjelde will be unveiled in Minneapolis within a few months, and Mr. Bull will play some of his father's favorite compositions at the ceremony. He lives in Bergen, in Norway, at the homestead which has been in the family for a century.

HALIR AND CARRENO.

The Philharmonic and Symphony Societies will produce several new people this year, some of whom are of great interest to the people who live through the rest of the year in order to be alive when the air of Boston and New York begins to throb to the vibrations of the musical instruments. The Symphony Society has six concerts this season. The first, on November 7, was to be in memory of Tschaiikowsky, the Russian musician who died November 6, 1893, and whose compositions have lately become a fad among musical people. On December 5 we are to hear Carl Halir, who will play some of the favorites by Spohr, and the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian dances. Moritz Rosenthal will play at the third concert on January 2, and Theresa Carreno on the 30th of the same month.

Halir received his education in Prague, where he studied under Bernewitz. In 1874 he went to Joachim in Berlin, and was first heard in a church. We know how he came from Joachim with all that the master had to teach. The German papers say that he has a polished technique, a large, healthy tone, and "a transporting cantilena."

Theresa Carreno writes that she will finish her tour of twenty five concerts in Russia on December 22. On the 26th she will sail for New York, and play first at the Philharmonic Society, on January 8. She is a Venezuelan, the daughter of a prominent politician. Like most pianists, she was a musical prodigy, and studied as a child under Louis Gottschalk, and with Matthias, who was a pupil of Chopin. She played in both North and South America, and finally went to Europe, where some of the critics have declared her the greatest living woman pianist, as Paderewski is first among men.

IN THE REIGN OF BORIS.*

By Robert McDonald,

Author of "A Princess and a Woman."

XXIII.

BEVERLY did not leave the room by the window, as the young officer had suggested. He had forgotten all about suggestions from anybody. He was divided in his mind, and the sudden whirl of events had given him a sort of numbness of intellect. He wanted to get into some quiet corner and put the problems before him into words, just as he might have set down a row of figures on paper as an assistance to his memory.

He felt friendless. He had risked everything for Boris, he had gone through perils for him. They should have been "brothers in blood," the bond sealed by their perils. But Beverly was not of the sentimental cast that sits and whines at fate. There were still deeds before him. Nor was he of such a small mind and imagination that he was incapable of seeing that Boris was not all a bad man. It is easy to be conventionally good as long as there is a public opinion to be our conscience, and we are whipped into the narrow path by the thorns of the social wilderness that borders it. It is altogether different to be absolute lord of your own conduct under the stress of enormous temptation. While Beverly's own love strengthened his arm and steeled his heart, it made him understand in some dim fashion that he was not particularly abused; that had fate changed their places, he might have been as little generous as this Muscovite had shown himself.

As Beverly came out into the great room, he saw that it was filled with officers of the king's suite. They were rather raffish young men, mostly, with narrow heads. The one who had sent him to the king was not there.

The Carpathian officers turned from the piano, and from the tables where they stood fingering the glittering trinkets which Elinor Marr had scattered here and there, giv-

ing a bizarre effect to the grim old room, and looked at him curiously. He had just come from the royal presence, and probably the breach—the slight breach between the king and his foreign favorite which they had felt in some vague way—was already healed. They had known favorites who hung about the court of Carpathia in other years, with fluctuating fortunes. In an instant Beverly felt this attitude, and his expression met it. He was fighting with the weapons of strategy now. He put on the complacent expression of one who might have countless favors to bestow, and walked with his head in the air through the group, speaking carelessly to one here and there.

He was determined not to leave the castle without having said one word to John Marr. Linda had said that the prisoner was in the tower, and it was probable that he was still there. Beverly knew, from his efforts to reach the castle the day after the death of Lubona, that if he went to Linda to ask her how he could reach Elinor's father, it would be impossible to return. He would be like a cook with the recipe for preparing a hare, and no hare.

In the doorway he came up against the officer who had let him in. A wide smile went over the good natured face. This officer was something of an adventurer himself, one of those who always took the broom by the handle. He had belonged to the court in the days of Johann, Boris' predecessor, and was cheerfully ready to change his allegiance again if it were worth his while. In the mean time he was ready to be on good terms with the powers that be.

Beverly put his hand familiarly on the Carpathian's arm and turned him around.

"I know when I may trust a man," he said confidentially.

"So you didn't need to climb out of the window?"

"The king has more politeness than to require gymnastics for his amusement," the

* This story began in the July number of MUNSEY'S.

American returned lightly. Then he went on with a graver face. He had pushed his arm through that of the Carpathian, and had drawn him to that old carved chest before the tapestry covered door. "When a man has a mission, he has a right to use such means as he sees fit. Is not that one of the laws of diplomacy?"

"I am no diplomat," the other disclaimed, though he smiled happily; "but it is the law of common sense, than which there is none higher."

"I have a secret mission." Beverly's voice went low. "I am to see and make a proposition to the prisoner who is held here. As he is my countryman, it will be easier for me than for another. It is best that I should reach him in such a way that he will have no inkling that I come from the king. I must appear to every one, even if I am discovered, to have been acting upon my own responsibility. I give you my confidence because, but for you, I should not be going upon this mission, and I know I can trust you."

The Carpathian looked hard into Beverly's eyes. He was not unduly suspicious, but he was a Carpathian. It appeared the most natural thing in the world that Boris should want his prisoner put into the position of betraying himself. That again was an old Carpathian trick. He mused for a moment, his lids drawn almost together, while the heart of the American beat fast and he kept an eye on the doorway. Once there was a disturbance inside, and it seemed to Beverly that his heart would never slip down out of his throat again. Boris might appear at any moment.

"There is a way of access to the tower. It appears to have been a sort of lumber room. Doors have been sealed up which led to it from other parts of the house. There is only one entrance, and that is guarded."

"But the windows?" Beverly spoke impatiently, as if he had already been told so much.

"A coping about eight inches wide runs around the tower. You have noticed it."

"Eight inches! It is a roadway. Suppose you show me the way, arousing no suspicions."

"You Americans are venturesome," the Carpathian said. "Come with me, and I will pretend to show you out of the front door."

They arose and walked together down the hall. Two men stood there idly, but Beverly knew them to be guards. They saluted the young officer profoundly, and one of them held open the door.

The Carpathian took the door in his hand, and began to talk, as if continuing a conversation with Beverly.

"I hope I shall see you in Paris next year. I want to get a leave then. By the way, Olaf"—to one of the men—"go up to the room above and bring a package you will see on the dressing table."

The guard went, while the two young men talked on.

"I will walk with you," the Carpathian said, "as far as the bridge;" and then he turned to the other man. "Get my cape. It is in the hall."

"I will walk on," Beverly called out, and passed through the door; but as the servant's back was turned he followed the Carpathian's gesture and ran swiftly up the stairs. The shrubs were heavy here. The young officer took his cape and the package, and walked out. Ten minutes later he passed in through the stables and joined Beverly where he stood behind a stack of arms in the upper hallway.

"Come this way," he whispered, and led him to a door in the wall and up a short stairway. In another minute they came to a casement which led out upon a tiled roof. The Carpathian stopped. "Out here," he said, "you will find your way along the roof until you come to the place where you can climb the side of the tower. There is ivy. Quick!"

Some one was coming along the hallway. As Beverly stepped out upon the shelving tiles, he heard the officer speak in answer to the voice of Boris.

The sun had set, and the twilight was settling down. Lights began to shine out from the windows below. The night was cold, but Beverly took off his shoes. He must reach John Marr before the moon arose in its brilliancy. He pulled himself up by the ivy, and by crevices in the stones, until he stood upon the narrow ledge, fully fifteen feet above the lower roof. Then he realized that he did not know which of the tower windows led into Marr's room. As he clung to the ledge he seemed all at once to see the almost ludicrous difficulties of his position.

It was not a pretty fall to the stones below, but the slightest push from one of those windows would send him there. And how was he going to get in if he reached the right window? It was hardly likely that a strong, agile man like John Marr would sit beside an open window and pine for freedom with a ledge eight inches wide running underneath. But as the darkness grew Beverly put his hands in the ivy and

slipped cautiously along; the stones cold against his stockinged feet.

The first window was dark, and there seemed to be neither shutters nor bars to it. He stood still and listened. It seemed to him that he could have heard a breath, but there was only dead silence. To pass further, he must climb the sill. The next window was around the corner, and as Beverly turned he saw it was lighted. He heard voices, too—deep, earnest voices; and involuntarily he shrank back into the ivy and listened.

There was no doubt about John Marr being here. His strident, sarcastic voice was seemingly as strong as ever, and it was pitched high with temper.

"Release me from this place, and let me meet you on fair terms, and I will answer you. Do you expect to discuss any matter while I am in this condition?"

"I cannot forget," Boris said with some degree of patience, "that you were free, and that you tried to lure me into a camp of insurgents."

"Lure? You asked to go. Do you fear I might succeed a second time? How could I know that you were lying to me?" Evidently the fear of kings did not rest in the soul of John Marr. "It might be better for you that Russia should own Carpathia. You have no real ties here. You are tired of the whole affair. If you aren't, you are fonder of the desert than I imagine."

"Suppose I give up my throne. Suppose I join with you, and let your plans go through. What then?"

"You will have done a very sensible thing," said Marr, with great coolness.

"Will you give me your daughter?"

"That I will not!" the old man almost yelled. "Do you suppose I have spent my life earning money for you to waste? You! You aren't even a legitimate child. You have no right to any title. I will make no such poor bargain as this."

"My regard for your daughter makes me patient with you."

"You need not disturb yourself concerning me. I will not stay here long. I left orders with my agents in Paris. They will look for me. I am an American citizen."

"I have known occasions when American citizens were not particularly well looked after by their government."

"They did not happen to be citizens who had contributed very liberally to the campaign fund of the administration," Mr. Marr said with great suavity.

"I can keep you here in this castle until you rot," Boris declared. "I have proof

that you tried to overthrow my government, that you had designs upon my life. Oh, I know the Russians would have let you kill me, and have felt relieved when it was over. I do not intend to give up this throne, and I do intend to marry your daughter with or without your consent. She is anxious to see you. I want to restore you to her, as I want to give her everything else in this world that she desires. It rests with you."

There was silence for a moment, broken by a laugh from Marr which was not a pleasant one.

"You must love my daughter indeed. Your kindness to her father proves it."

"It is the political prisoner who is kept here. When you have given your consent to my marriage to your daughter, when you will promise to use your influence to make your daughter my wife, you cease to be dangerous."

"And so you need influence? I thought as much. Suppose I promise you all this, what certainty have you that I will keep my promise?"

"I shall ask you, in the first place, to write your daughter a letter telling her that you are kept away by business, and committing her to my care. You will tell her in another letter, a little later, that I have your sanction in offering her my hand."

"But she knows that I am sane. *You!* A fortune hunter, an adventurer with a paper crown! Faugh! Why don't you strike me, to prove to me what a good husband you would make my daughter?"

"For fear I might be tempted to strike you were you free, I will leave you bound," Boris said, and Beverly could hear that the words came through gritted teeth.

A moment later the door clanged, and Marr was alone. A second later, Beverly heard the sound of one hard, dry sob. He waited for a moment, for the sound chilled him. Then he came close to the window sill, and, taking a firm hold, peered in. Marr was sitting in a wooden chair, beside a table on which were the dishes of what had evidently been a luxurious dinner. He was not starving on bread and water, and he had no scruples about accepting the hospitality forced upon him.

Beverly saw that the prisoner was secured by an ingenious arrangement which, he reflected, had doubtless been planned for the king himself by Lubona. It would have been a brilliant idea to confine the Carpathian monarch in the house of an American citizen, and to have fed him from the latter's table while he was watched over by the faithful servants of the Lubona family.

It was more than clever to choose the house of a man who also had reasons for desiring a change of government. Everybody would believe that it was Marr, and not Lubona, who had been responsible for the king's incarceration. It was too good a plan to have gone so far astray.

The room was well furnished. There were chairs, and tables, and books, and on the hearth a smoldering fire. But from each of Marr's ankles ran a slender steel chain, attached to a staple in the wall. They were so arranged that while he could almost reach the wall and the window, he could not quite do so. Where one chain was lax, the other held him tight. There was no possible chance of his getting near enough to the staples to work at them, or near enough to the window to attract attention. The fire, too, was just out of reach.

Beverly waited until the place was absolutely still, and the old man sat with his head in his hands. Then he carefully lifted one leg over the window sill, and jumped to the floor. He had expected to see some signs of relief on Marr's face, but if there was any change it grew grimmer.

"What do *you* want?" the prisoner asked harshly.

"I came to tell you that your daughter is well——"

"A piece of information already received from your master."

"It is my wish to restore you to her. I am here without the knowledge of the king, and tell you that there may be a way of escape, and to plan with you. Boris has ordered me to leave the kingdom. I have made every effort to see you here." Beverly's words sounded stiff and meaningless to himself.

"A very pretty story indeed. You forget that I last saw you with the king. Your entrance is admirably planned. I may be supposed to be ready to listen to you after the interview I have just had with the young adventurer who calls himself the king of this country." Marr laughed again. "Doubtless he would like to get me out of here without coming down from his lofty perch. You may tell him for me that I am not going."

"But your daughter?"

"She is an American girl, and if she can't take care of herself, this is an excellent opportunity for her to learn;" but Beverly could see that this was bravado, pure and simple.

"Your daughter does not know that you are imprisoned. She does not know that Boris is the king. The best thing that you

can do is to tell me where your men are, and let me bring them here to get you out of this place."

"Oh, that's the information you are fishing for! An admirable plan indeed!"

Beverly's patience gave out. He went to the fireplace, picked up a heavy iron rod which lay there, and went toward one of the staples. Under his strong pressure it was the work of only a few minutes to prize it out. In a short time Marr was free, except that he held the chains in his hands, still attached to his ankles.

"Put those in your pockets. You are a strong, agile man; come with me. We can slip along this wall, drop to the ground by holding to the ivy, and get away." Beverly spoke with strong excitement.

But Marr hesitated.

"Why are you so anxious to help me, if it is not a plot to put me again into the hands of that fellow Boris—to let him kill me, perhaps?"

"Because I, too, love your daughter."

"You! And you expect me to give her to you for helping me out of this place? Understand that I will do nothing of that sort. Rather than have her marry you, I would give her to that adventurer. After all, he is a prince, and most girls are pleased with a title. He would give up everything for her. My schemes would all go through. I should get all of my concessions. If it is a choice between you two, I shall choose him."

"I ask for nothing," Beverly said. "I want nothing but to relieve your daughter's mind, to take you back to her. There is only the slenderest chance that I shall be allowed to come near her again. I am ordered out of the country. I cannot go with the knowledge that you have left your daughter alone at the mercy of——" Beverly broke off because there was a lump in his throat. He was helpless indeed.

"You can have no interest in me or my daughter. I should have known from the beginning that you were here only to work disaster for me."

"I may have come to Carpathia for that purpose," Beverly said, "but I swear to you that I gave it up long ago. If the story is ever told it will be told by some other pen."

Marr looked at him curiously.

"You *were* here, then, to work disaster for me. You are your father's own son. And you think that it can all be wiped out in a moment by taking me out of this place."

"I do not see what my father has to do with it."

"Your father ruined the work of my life. He drove me from America."

A light suddenly fell upon Beverly.

"Oh!" he cried, "you think I am Hardin. My name is Beverly. I was sent here by the New York *Herald* to see what you were up to. I happened to be wearing Hardin's cap. I see how you made the mistake."

He had not finished his words before Marr was on his feet, and Beverly had another example of the singular combination of qualities that went to make up this financier.

"Why didn't you tell me this some time ago? Young man, you have a great deal to learn in practical journalism. I thought you were the son of that old devil Hardin, and I spent considerable valuable time trying to put you into such a tight box that you would be a disgrace to his name. As I haven't had my revenge on him, I'm very glad you escaped it."

He looked at Beverly with new and familiar eyes. Old John Marr belonged to the class whose interviews are what the slang of the reporters calls "fat." He felt a comradeship with the men of the pen which they by no means reciprocated. With great power, he had great vanity, and he loved to see himself as a figure in that daily writing down of events which eventually becomes history. If he were to lose all that he expected to gain, there could be no salve for his hurt quite so soothing as the knowledge that the story of his revolution was to be told, and told under his own eyes, his own hand guiding the pen.

"It is nonsense to say that you will never tell the story," he said. "There is no pen so well calculated to tell it. Ah!" His eyes narrowed, and a smile took the corners of his old mouth. "I am not sure that between us we cannot bring the king to terms at last. We ought to. We can make a pretty story of his persecution of American citizens. We can ask for enough money to put us on our feet for life." He spoke as if he too were a poor man.

"I want none of his money. He hasn't any. And let me tell you that I saw Boris take your letter from Lubona's dead body. He has proof against you. You must know it."

"Forged. Lubona is dead, and of course they will put everything on Lubona's shoulders. My dear young man, it can be made very hot indeed for the King of Carpathia. Don't you see that he will never dare to insinuate that Russia was behind me?"

"Behind you in case you won," Beverly said dryly.

"Nobody is behind anybody in case they lose;" and with this piece of philosophy, Marr went toward the window and looked out. "What on earth could be sillier than for a man like me, an American citizen, to start out to fight the King of Carpathia? What would I do it for? What would I get for it? I had a few miners. Boris wanted my daughter, and he imprisoned me to get rid of me; a young newspaper man discovered the plot, released me, and"—he waved his hands expressively—"it is a lovely story."

"It is a good enough story if it has any sort of an ending," Beverly added. How he hated this old man with his thin, Jewish face and dry old figure! It made him sick to think that this was *her* father. How could so lovely and pure and beautiful a flower have come from such a wicked, vulgar old stalk as this? "We are not out yet," he went on. "There are no facilities for telling a newspaper story to the world from this tower, and unless we get away before the moon comes up we shall probably be picked off and buried like Lubona, with honors, and the world will hear nothing whatever of our side of the story."

Marr was looking at the ledge, and at the ground below. Then he shuddered and drew back.

"I cannot do it," he said. "I am no coward, but the sight of that ledge and the fall below turns me sick and dizzy. I cannot go."

"Tell me where your men are. I will get away and bring them here."

Marr looked at him again with suspicion.

"I have no men. My miners are scattered. I know of no armed body."

"This is no time to trifle," Beverly said roughly. "Do you want to stay here in this hole? I can do nothing alone. I tell you again that you are letting your imagination get the better of you, if you think you can intimidate Boris. He is a determined man. He can wear you out. Every hour you stay here makes him more and more able to win your daughter. They are friends. She likes him. She is, after all, only a young girl. She can be influenced."

Beverly groaned as he realized his own meanness. He feared more than anything else in the world, more than the danger that encompassed her father—which he believed to be in reality slight—that Boris would find time to win the woman he himself loved. At heart, he knew that this fear, and this alone, was the driving power of his own actions. He wanted to restore Marr to his daughter and have him tell her a story

that would make her despise the king, make her fear him, when he knew she had almost come to love him. Beverly had imagination enough to see that a woman cannot take a helpless man, handsome, young, dependent upon her, and care for him for twenty four hours, and then put him out of her heart again into the outer world in which she keeps strangers. It is not a hard matter for him to open the doors into her heart's sanctuaries after that. He has left the reception room of acquaintanceship far behind.

"I cannot go this way," Marr said. "I would surely fall."

Beverly went over and tried the door. The lock was massive, but he could see that the key was in it on the outside.

"Wait here," he said. "Stay by the door."

He went back to the window, pulled himself out to the ledge by the ivy branches, and moved swiftly along until he came to that dark window just around the corner. Then he vaulted in. Standing quite still, he struck a match and looked around. It was, as he had supposed, a lumber room. Here were piled all the trash that an ancient family can accumulate in centuries—old moth eaten garments, wormy furniture, and dust, dust, dust. Beverly looked for the door and went to it. It was unlocked. Softly, softly, he opened it an inch or two and looked out.

Facing him was the door behind which he knew Marr must be standing. The light was dim, but he could see that the key was in the lock, and at the other end of the passage he could see the guards playing cards around an oil lamp. If he moved they would be likely to hear him on the creaking old floor and turn. He went back into the room and struck another match, and then he hastily gathered together all the inflammable material in sight, feeling for it, striking match after match, and carefully building a fire.

In five minutes he had a crackling, roaring flame. He opened the door, and the red fire darted after him, swept by the draft from the window. He lifted his voice in a mighty yell, whose meaning any nation can interpret: "Fire! Fire!"

With one bound he turned the key of the room where John Marr stood, and pulled him into the passage. Together they rushed upon the guards, who had started up in a panic. Before they knew what had happened, the two fugitives were on the stairs, past the turn, and in the lighted part of the building. Beverly opened the first door he

came to and pushed Marr in, as the whole household rushed up the tower stairs, looking for the fire. He saw Boris fly by, consternation in his face, and then, although there were a dozen men in the passageway, he opened the door and stepped boldly out.

The two Americans went quickly down the steps into the hall below. Beverly reasoned that Marr's face was not known to more than two or three of the men, and they would never dare stop him, when he was accompanied by the king's friend, without the king's orders.

The main hall was empty, and Beverly made an instant decision. If they fled on foot, morning would be certain to discover them. They must get to Carpath, and to the English legation. The American legation was situated over a tobaccoconist's shop, and practically went out of existence when the representative was enjoying himself in Paris, as at present. Quick as a flash Beverly had the chest back from the tapestry door, had pulled Marr through it, and was running toward the stables, praying that there might be horses there.

The older man was as active as the younger, and followed him without a word or a sound. The door into the stable was easily opened. Beverly gave an exclamation which came from his heart as he looked within. Standing in the stalls were two horses, and only two, saddled and bridled. Evidently the king intended to ride away within a short time. The call of fire had drawn off the stable men, and as fast as he could move Beverly opened the door into the alley way, and he and Marr, mounting, rode out into the night.

XXIV.

BEVERLY turned in his saddle and looked back, feeling like a criminal, for the ancestral castle of the Lubonas was wrapped in flames. The old wooden lining of the stone walls was being licked up like wax in the hot fire.

He wondered what Boris would do to them for stealing his horses. Would he make the man he had fought with, and the father of the woman he wanted to marry, stand trial in the Carpathian courts for horse stealing? It seemed almost a humorous idea.

The fugitives were on a well traveled road after they had gone half a mile, and Beverly had settled down to the steady trot which he intended to keep up through the long miles to Carpath. Already his mind was

full of visions of possibilities which, like all air castles in the mind of a young lover, would not come down, however much he bombarded them with reason. He was going to restore her to her father, and they must all leave the country. She would hate Boris when she knew the truth, and he—well, he had shared dangers with her, and she trusted him. There were possibilities. He could not but know that there were possibilities.

They had crossed the bridge, finding it quite unguarded, and were going along the road that led under the mountains where they had played at hide and seek with Lubona. Up there, not so very far as the crow flies, she had sat on that ruined wall where he had held her in his arms. A sharp little thrill went through Beverly's heart as he wondered whether she, too, remembered.

He was brought back to earth by a jerk. Marr was leaving the road and going up one of these ravines. Beverly drew in his own horse and rode after him.

"Where are you going?"

"I have business in this direction."

"If you want to go to your daughter, this is not the way. It is the next turning."

Marr stopped suddenly, and half turned his horse until he faced Beverly.

"I am going to the men who were to strike the first blow for the downfall of Boris' throne. You are exactly the fellow I want to come with me. You can do more for me than a thousand men. You can put the sympathies of the world with us. Boris will follow us, but he has only a small guard, and he will take the straight road to Carpath. He can be overpowered. This country is always ripe for revolution. It is in a state of yeast now. Come with me."

"No."

"You told me back there that you loved my daughter, and yet you refuse to give yourself the opportunity—" Marr broke off suddenly.

Beverly's head went down on his chest, and then was lifted again.

"Where are your men? They have long left the ravine where you expected to find them. I myself saw them go."

"They are all about. I can gather them when I will. Some of them are in Boris' own forces. I want to select a spot, and send out a message. I am frank with you, for I believe you will not betray me to the king."

"I swear to you that I will never betray you to the king!" At the vehemence with which he said it, a nicer ear than Marr's

might have hesitated. Men like Beverly are not in the habit of taking oaths unnecessarily. "But there is but one safe thing for you to do—go to Carpath, and from there out of the country."

"That I will not do."

Beverly was learning to think quickly. He remembered the French diplomat who concealed an important letter by ostentatiously displaying it on his mantelpiece. Boris would never think of looking for them in the hut. He might go to Leo Lubona's house, but the hut was too obvious. Boris knew them both. He would think them too level headed for a piece of stupidity like hiding in the hut.

"I know exactly the place you want."

Beverly was making no promises, but evidently Marr concluded that his last argument had been decisive. "There is a herder's hut on the hillside where the son of the woman who keeps the farm below, whom your men know, generally sleeps. We will go there. The boy can be sent away on a message."

"I intended to go to this woman's house."

"Boris has seen your men there."

"Come on, then."

Beverly had not expected to find the boy there, but the lad lay in the bunk in the corner, sleeping as calmly as if a king, and a man who had hoped to be a king, had not occupied it since he had been routed out of it a few days earlier. He was a stolid soul, much like one of his own pigs. Marr sat down by the fireplace, and, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, wrote a line on it, and bade the lad carry it to his mother.

"You have carried food before," he said sternly. "See that you tell no one."

"Let me tell him to hasten," Beverly said, and he followed the boy out of the hut. He had awakened grumblingly, and was muttering over the fools who would not let a man sleep, when Beverly put something into his hand which made his palm itch. It was a large gold piece. In all his life the lad had only seen one before.

"Give me that note," Beverly whispered, "and go at once to the house of Father Leo, carrying him this, instead. Let no one see you, and you shall have another of these."

Beverly did not finish this sentence, but reeled under a powerful blow, and turned to grapple with John Marr.

"You traitor, you scoundrel!" the old man fairly hissed. "Would you betray me? I will kill you!"

He had the steel chain in his hand, and

was dealing Beverly powerful strokes about the head. But the journalist was the younger and stronger. He wrenched the chain from Marr's hand, and made a motion which Marr evaded; but Beverly did not intend to strike him. He gave the chain a powerful throw over the old man's shoulder, and it wrapped itself, lasso like, around the one solid thing in the room—the iron crane in the fireplace, put there to support the pig scalding kettles of the farmer. Then Beverly sprang back a step, and before Marr knew that he was caught, the tightening chain tripped him and brought him to the floor.

Beverly held Marr's arms while he took the other chain and gave it a turn about his vanquished antagonist's legs. "I beg your pardon," the young man said, "but there is nothing else to do. I cannot and I will not let you ruin yourself. Your men are scattered. You know yourself that if you are caught you must make terms with Boris. You defied him, but had you not been protected by your daughter, and by his love for her, you would never be embarking upon this reckless project now. I have sent for Miss Marr. She shall decide whether she will be the morganatic wife of a third rate king, in order to further schemes which you cannot carry through by any other means."

But as he looked at the bound man, Beverly's heart was heavy. It was not likely that any girl would look at one who had treated her father in such an ignominious fashion as this. The old man lay on the floor, his hair disheveled, cursing himself for a fool in trusting a liar.

"I told you no lies. I promised not to betray you to the king. I have betrayed you to nobody. Your daughter has every right to see you, to plead with you, to take you away. I give you into her hands. She, and she alone, can save you. The king, seeing you with her, will give her all she asks—all she wants to ask. It rests with her. She shall have the choice. In any case, Boris owes her too much to make her unhappy." And then, as a rare indulgence, Beverly allowed himself a bit of cynicism. "At least, as long as she knows that he is making her unhappy."

It was a long and lonely vigil, and the late waning moon was lighting the rocks as on that other night, when at last Beverly heard voices, and the scramble of horses' feet. He wanted to say a word to Elinor before she saw her father. He must make some sort of an explanation, and he would do it as delicately as he could. There was

no water in the hut, and his brandy flask was empty, so that the blood and the marks of the blows of the chains were still on his face, but he had forgotten that. His heart was in his throat and his hands trembled. He could have cried like a nervous woman, as he went out to Elinor Marr. Fighting, work, life, never daunted Beverly. But now that he must perhaps seem contemptible in the eyes of the woman he loved, must make his labored explanations, which presently her father would distort, it was too much for him. And yet he hungered and longed to see her.

The moonlight struck him full as he came out of the door, and he saw a picture before him which printed itself on his brain. He never forgot the slightest detail of it, for it seemed to kill all hope. Elinor Marr was slipping down from her horse, with Boris, King of Carpathia, holding out his arms to help her to the ground.

But in another minute she had seen Beverly, and with a bound her hands were on his arms, her face looking up to his, her beautiful eyes full of unshed tears, her lips drawn down with anxiety.

"Oh, you are not killed, but you are hurt, you are hurt!"

She gave way to the emotion which up to that moment he had felt; but at the sight of her face, at the blessed knowledge of what he saw there, he was the strong man again. He saw in her eyes the love that would make her put away father and mother. With a heave the world turned over, and he was right with it again.

Beverly put his arms around her shoulders, and spoke to her gently. There was no need to say anything now of their relations to each other. He had said it that night on the old wall, and tonight she had answered him.

"Elinor," he said at last, "you must be calm. Be yourself for a moment." He put his hand under her chin and kissed her solemnly on the lips. "Think with me," he said. "Are you alone? How came Boris here?"

"Do you mean Count Festin? Where is he?" She looked around.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes. When your note came, Father Leo had gone away. He saw that the old castle was on fire, and he and Linda both ran. I did not read the note, but the boy said that a man was here killing you. I got a revolver and a horse and came."

"Through that wood alone?"

"Yes. I would have come through fire! Had you not done more for me? On the

way I met Count Festin and some men. I told him. He turned, as I knew he would, and rode back with me. His men are coming behind. Where is the man who hurt you?"

"Elinor," Beverly began, and then he stopped. How could he explain it all quickly enough? He knew now that she would believe everything he said implicitly. How could he ask her to plead with Boris?

"Why do you hesitate? What is it?" she asked anxiously.

"Miss Marr, he is trying to tell you that your father is inside, waiting to see you. He brought him here to see you. He finds it hard to tell all of his deeds of heroism at once," Boris' cool voice said behind them.

"My father!" she said. "I knew you would find him!"

She gave Beverly another grateful look and rushed away. Beverly caught at her, and would have spoken, but she was gone. He turned and faced Boris' cynical, smiling face with hate enough in his heart to have killed the man where he stood.

"If you had a thousand devils of fathers in there, you could not take her away from me now. She will believe me!"

Boris' face grew grave, and he looked away over the waving tree tops.

"I found that out tonight when she thought you were killed, or hurt, and called upon me to revenge you, to save you. I find you have always been the hero, and I have been the poor silly boy who got you into scrapes, according to her version." He smiled whimsically. "It began to sound true as she pictured it. She is the sweetest woman that ever lived, but she cares only for you."

Suddenly Boris put out his hand.

"I have behaved like a cad—like these barbarians. I have been in the wilderness too long. I have lost my manners."

But Beverly did not take the proffered hand.

"And you have sent the sweetest woman in the world in there without an explanation, to have her feelings hurt, to be humiliated?"

Boris let his hand drop, and Beverly never had another opportunity to take that of a king.

"I have just made the explanation to her father. I took the liberty of relieving him of his chains. I had the key to those anklets of his in my pocket. I set him on his feet, and we came to terms. He is to hold his tongue concerning his grievances, and I will hold mine. You may be trusted not to print your side of the story. You may not even have the compensation of

writing up Lubona's rebellion. I fear you will entirely lose your reputation with your newspaper."

"I have no thanks to offer you. You owe all this and more to Miss Marr."

"I owe her more than I can ever repay."

There was a constraint between the young men which they could never overcome. Beverly was sore, feeling that he had been taken advantage of, even in his revenge, conscious that Boris knew that he would never tell the truth of his late actions and state of mind to Elinor, because he could not hurt her gentle heart. So far as it lay with him to undeceive her, Count Festin would always be to her a pleasant memory, a vanished friend. Beverly knew that this must be one of the conditions he had made with Marr. He did not know for weeks, not until he was long out of the country, that Boris had granted certain mining concessions to Marr, on condition that a part of the stock was transferred to Beverly. He wished to pay his debt to the young American in some fashion, and this was the only way.

On the other side, in Boris' heart was his dislike of a man who had done much for him, and to whom the king himself, naturally a generous nature, had behaved badly. His sudden passion for Elinor, the possibility of having her for his own, had gone to his head. Almost an absolute monarch, he had harked back to the ways of his ancestors, who stole their wives. Born of lawlessness, his own public opinion, perhaps nothing would have saved Boris except the trust and sweetness of the woman he loved. When he found her, that night, sobbing aloud as she rode alone through the wood on her way to the man she loved, and when she threw herself upon his care, a newer and a better manhood was born in the hot headed boy. A crazy passion which destroys every obstacle, which is a blight, was not the feeling that he could hold for a woman like this. She was worthy of better things. The demon in Boris died under her tears for another man, the fires were drowned. She might love another, but he too could be worthy of her trust.

"I ask one additional service of you," Boris said. "I ask you to let Miss Marr continue to think me Count Festin. She will perhaps have no unkind feeling toward me then. I fear she has already imbibed some prejudice against the King of Carpathia. Her father will take her away."

Boris had drawn on his riding gloves, and was preparing to go, when Elinor came out. He smiled at her.

"Are you going?" she said.

"Yes. My men will be here in a moment. I hear them now. I must go on. I will leave two or three to escort you to Carpath." He hesitated again. "I hope you will be happy."

Elinor held his hand in both of hers. She looked at him fondly. To her, he was like a sweet, big brother.

"But we shall see you again tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow. I must go far up into the country, perhaps even to Russia."

"But we are going so soon."

Boris took his hand away, and drew a great ruby from his finger.

"Won't you take this—as a wedding gift? Your father has told me that he can deny nothing to you."

Her face flushed crimson, but she let him put the ring on her finger.

"I am sorry you must go, but I suppose it is on the king's business."

"Yes," he said, "on the king's business."

They watched him ride on to meet the coming men, give orders to some to stay, and then disappear in the dark wood. Elinor put her arm in Beverly's, and smiled at him. The going of a dynasty of kings could not have dampened her happiness.

"Let us go and see father. He wants to talk to you about going home."

Half way to the door, as they were walking together like two children, he stopped.

"Oh," he said, "you never call me by my right name. It isn't Hardin, it is Beverly. I am the newspaper man whom Count Lubona——"

"Don't speak of that man. What do I care what your profession is? I don't care whether you have any name or not. I know *you*!"

And there was only one answer to that; but he thanked her father for having told her. And with no more battles to fight, no more explanations to make, they went inside the hut.

THE END.

THE WIND.

BROTHER, I hear your hand

Tap at the window pane;

I haste to admit you, and

Lo, you are gone again!

Brother, I hear your song,

Wonderful, wild, and free;

Though it be not for long,

Sing it awhile to me.

Stirring the lattice vines,

Often you come at the gloaming,

Pungent with hints of the northern pines,

A rover restlessly roaming;

Now in the depths of the night,

Shouting a mad refrain;

Ah, then the foam is white!

Eager the arms of the main!

Now in the heat of the day,

Soft as a lover's sigh;

Ah, then the scents of the hay

And the hedgerow blooms blow by!

Brother, I pray you tarry;

Fain would I have you spare

A passing word of the songs you heard

In the land from which you fare.

Wind of the north, of the south,

Wind of the east, of the west,

Kissing the Creole's mouth,

Chilling the Eskimo's breast;

Brother, I hear your song,

Wonderful, wild, and free,

Though it be not for long,

Tarry, and sing to me!

Philip Rodney Paulding.

SHAUK.

UNCLE JOHN had bought me a ranch in New Mexico, and informed me that

I was to go and manage it—I, who knew about as much about cattle and "the range" as the average cowboy knows about a charity ball, and who disliked the Western country as much as I cared for my club and my amusements in the city!

But there was no crossing Uncle John's will. If I did, then Cousin Bert would get the fortune that I had always understood was to be mine, so I began at once to make preparations for my departure. I could have endured giving up my club and the society of the boys, but when I thought of Elinor, I groaned. Wild thoughts of asking her to go with me flashed through my brain, only to be dismissed as absurd. We had known each other but three short months, and although she seemed to show a decided preference for my company, still I had no reason to believe that the beautiful and cultured Miss Curtis would leave her luxurious home in the city for a ranch house, thirty miles from a town, and live there amid rough cowboys, with only a few squat ranchers' wives for associates, merely that she might have the pleasure of being near me. It was not to be thought of; and it was with a heavy heart that I boarded the train for Santa Fe, vainly trying to dismiss from my thoughts the reproachful look she had given me the evening before, when I informed her that I was going away. Yet I had a vague feeling of happiness at having been able to elicit that look.

In due time I arrived at the ranch, which was not such a desolate place as I had pictured it. There was a comfortable house, and the clustering barns and sheds behind it gave it a picturesque appearance which even the long, lonely stretches of prairie on three sides of it could not entirely destroy. I went to work at once, and before a week had passed was able to find some little pleasure in riding about the range. To a certain extent, I forgot the terrible stillness of the plains by keeping my mind occupied with learning the particulars of ranch life. I soon made the acquaintance of my cowboys, and found most of them to be sober and industrious men, who seemed to be working earnestly for the interest of the ranch. I

began to think that ranch life, while it possessed little of romance, might have its pleasures after all; and if only Elinor—but I was not to think of that.

One morning, after I had been at the ranch about a fortnight, my overseer, Lease, informed me that it would be necessary to have an extra man until branding time.

"There's an Indian stayin' down at Rambo's store that's a mighty good hand," he said. "I 'spect ye could git him 'thout somebody else's hired him. His name's Shauk."

"I'll go down after dinner and see if I can get him," said I.

That afternoon I rode to the little settlement. As I drew up before the small general store there was but one person in sight. He was an Indian, who sat on the store platform, and paid not the slightest attention to me as I dismounted and walked past him into the building. The storekeeper was asleep behind the rough counter, and it took me some time to awaken him. I inquired for Shauk.

"That's him out there," said the merchant, rubbing his eyes with one hand and pointing with the other to the Indian in front of the store. "You ain't an officer, be ye?" he then asked, suddenly becoming wide awake.

"No, I am the new owner of the K. & K. ranch."

"Oh, I thought Shauk's time warn't up yet," he replied, resuming his sleepy attitude. "Well, that's him out there."

Without inquiring what he meant by Shauk's "time"—for a tenderfoot should not be too inquisitive—I passed outside and informed the Indian of my desire to hire him.

"Will work till August twentieth," he said.

"But we want a man until branding time."

"No work after August twentieth."

"Why?" I ventured to ask.

He turned his little black eyes upon me.

"Be hung then," he said laconically.

I gave a disgusted exclamation. The Indian was surely drunk. But Lease had said he was a good ranch hand, so I told him that I would hire him till then, and that I

wished him to go at once with me to the ranch. He consented, and saying he would be ready in a few moments, walked away to a little board stable a short distance from the store. He soon reappeared, leading a lean mustang, on which was girted an old Spanish saddle.

The saddle, which was of exquisite workmanship and gaily decorated with plaits of colored leather, looked strangely out of place on the raw boned pony and in the possession of the rough Indian. I afterwards learned that it was the one pride of Shauk's life, and that he refused to attempt any unusual feats of horsemanship when not seated in its capacious depths. When he had vaulted easily into it, without the aid of its huge stirrups, it seemed as if saddle and man became one piece.

As we rode homeward, I tried to engage him in conversation; but as I got only grunts in reply to my efforts, I gave it up, and amused myself by noting his apparel. His leather breeches were blackened and greasy, and his flannel shirt, which he wore open at the throat, was grimy with dirt. On his head was a comparatively clean sombrero, from beneath which his long black hair fell down to his broad shoulders. He wore a pair of old cowboy boots, upon which were buckled the inevitable spurs, clanking and jingling in time to his mustang's quick little steps. He rode along as though indifferent to all surroundings, and before we reached home I found myself wondering what pleasure there could be in life for such a man. What were his hopes, his ambitions—or had he either?

At supper that evening I told Lease of Shauk's extraordinary statement, and asked if he was in the habit of drinking. To my surprise Lease said,

"He was not drunk; it's so that he is to be hung then. He killed another Indian over at Long's Ranch in December. The man he killed warn't worth the powder it took to shoot him, but they convicted Shauk of murder in the first degree. There ain't no jail in Gordon County, so they let him go free till then."

I remembered the storekeeper's question whether I was an officer, and knew that what Lease told me was true.

"But will he stay—will he be here then?" I stammered.

"Never knowed but one to skip out yet, and he was a hoss thief," said Lease, going on with his supper.

From that time I felt a lively if not altogether pleasant interest in Shauk. He was the best ranch hand I have ever seen.

There was no work about the place that he did not thoroughly understand, and as a horseman he was unexcelled. The other cowboys treated him with the respect his skill commanded, and none of them seemed to regard the fact that he was to be hanged for murder as anything to his discredit. One becomes used to strange things on the plains, and learns to judge men by what they can do and not by what they are.

"I guess we'd better put that Indian on the north range," said Lease. "That's the worst herd on the place up there. They come near gettin' away from the boys twicet already."

"All right," said I. I confess that I did not like the idea of having a condemned murderer about the home range. It made me shudder every time I saw him.

The months passed away, and I ceased to think of the horrible fate in store for Shauk. I had other more pleasant things of which to think. Elinor—my Elinor—had answered one of my rash letters with delightful frankness, saying that she would be most happy to come and live with me at the ranch—or anywhere else, for that matter—and that life without me was not worth having. She would not allow me to come East for her, she said. As I had been so ungallant as not to ask her to accompany me on my first trip, she would come to me, and we would be married at Santa Fe.

When I first received that letter, I was simply dazed. Then, as I realized its full import, I threw up my hat and shouted until the cowboys thought I was crazy. And I must have been, too, or I should never have allowed her to come; but how could I help it when she wrote as she did? So it happened that on the 1st of August I drove to Santa Fe and there met Elinor at the depot. We were married at once in the parlor of an up town hotel, and the next day we started in a carriage for the ranch.

The memory of that two days' drive will never leave me. The first was one of those rare cloudy days that do sometimes come in the middle of summer, even in the New Mexico plains, and we drove joyously along till we reached Juniper Creek. Here we spent the night, and Elinor seemed to enjoy her rough, strange surroundings. On the second day the sun beat down upon us unmercifully, but neither of us noticed it. As we rode along I tried to persuade Elinor to look out upon the desolate prairies and to accustom herself to their monotony before she reached her new home. I pictured the ranch house as the most wretched of habitations, so that its small claim to comfort

might surprise her. I made disparaging remarks about the country in general, and beneath all my jesting seriousness was a lurking feeling of having done wrong to allow this delicate woman to come to such a desert.

But Elinor refused to be made miserable by my discouraging talk. The prairies, she said, gave her a feeling of freedom which she had never before felt. The heat waves rising from the sun scorched grass made it look like a great yellow sea, of which she could never tire. She turned from it, and with her great blue eyes looking into mine, said she did not care where she was so long as I was beside her. Then of course my conscience deserted me as I clasped her in my arms for the twentieth time that day.

After this we drove listlessly on until we crossed the northern boundary of the ranch. Then I shook her playfully.

"You are now queen of all you survey. Awake, and behold a portion of your dominion."

She sat up with mock dignity and said, "It is beautiful. I am well pleased."

"How little satisfies the contented soul!" said I, laughing.

"Little!" she exclaimed. "I have everything." She gave me another look that made my head swim.

"What is that rumbling sound?" Elinor asked dreamily, after we had gone a little farther.

I halted the team to listen. As I did so I felt my strength leave me. Only once had I heard that sound, but I knew it now.

"What is it?" repeated Elinor, seeing my blanched face.

"The north herd has stampeded. Perhaps they may take up the gulch—oh, my God!"

As I spoke there came over the knoll, and directly toward us, the rushing, bellowing, irresistible mass of maddened cattle. To attempt flight was useless. We could not move far enough over the rough ground. We could not escape unless the cattle could be diverted from the course they were taking.

I reached quickly over the dashboard, and cut the traces that fastened the horses to the carriage. The poor beasts stood still, trembling. They knew their danger. I lashed them desperately with the whip, and they sprang away, terror stricken, over the plains. The leaders in the center of the herd, seeing the fleeing horses, swerved aside to follow them, and the whole mass began to swing, as though on a pivot, toward the right. I gave a gasp of relief; but in another instant I saw that the herd

was too large to make so short a turn. The left edge of the great circle reached far beyond us, and was bearing down on us with awful speed. In a moment or two it would pass over us. There was no hope.

Mechanically I drew Elinor to me, and she, scarcely realizing the danger, nestled her head against my shoulder. I knew now what that odd, haunting misgiving had meant. It was a foreboding, a warning. I had disregarded it, and lured my darling to a terrible death. A few moments more, and the cowboys following the herd would pick up her mutilated body and carry it to the home she had never seen, and in which we had hoped to be so happy. It was a grain of consolation to think that I should die with her. I closed my eyes, straining Elinor to my breast, while I awaited the shock.

It seemed that we had sat thus for hours—it could have been but a few seconds in reality—when I heard a cry which, but for the desperate determination that vibrated through it, could have scarcely sounded human. I opened my eyes in time to see a man, whom I recognized as the Indian Shauk, force his mustang against the left edge of the advancing herd. A steer on the outer ring swerved a little to the right, and thrust his long horns into the flank of one of his neighbors. The injured animal fell upon his knees, and those immediately following crowded into the main herd to avoid him.

Again and again, with almost incredible rapidity, was the little mustang forced against that moving mass as it raced down the slope, and each time the left portion of the herd swung a few feet to the right. Shauk was only following the cowboys' custom of making the cattle run in a circle, but I knew from the desperate energy with which he labored that he was now doing it to save our lives. And I could only sit and watch him as foot by foot he crowded the galloping beasts from the course that would bring them thundering over the carriage.

One final charge of the mustang when the herd was but a few feet from us, and then the brutes went flying past. Half a dozen steers shot out around our left, but none collided with the carriage, and we were unharmed. I sat and watched the cattle disappear down the gulch, and saw Shauk stop his reeking pony beside the carriage. Then I knew no more.

When I became conscious I was in my room at the ranch house, and Elinor was bending over me.

"Oh, Frank," she cried, "I am so glad

you are yourself once more!" She kissed me again and again and rested her cheek against mine as if she could never leave me. Finally, however, she drew suddenly away, and said, "The man who saved our lives is outside the door. I wouldn't let him go away."

She led in Shauk, who received my fervent thanks in his usual stolid manner and refused to say anything. Neither would he accept any of the little presents that Elinor, who knew nothing of his history, tried to press upon him. What did a man who was to be hanged in a few days want with trinkets? We were at a loss to find any suitable expression for our gratitude, until, with the tact that always distinguished her, Elinor discovered his pride in his saddle, and praised it till the poor fellow actually allowed his face to relax into a smile.

As soon as I was able, I made another trip to Santa Fe. I was determined that Shauk should not be hanged if I could prevent it. I pleaded business to Elinor, and would not allow her to accompany me, for I did not wish her to know the character of our rescuer. When I came away from the city three days later, I felt that I had done all that could be done. I had pleaded that he had saved two lives to atone for the one worthless one he had taken; had consulted lawyers, and had tried to raise a petition for his pardon. Finally I begged for a reprieve, and was told that one might be granted.

On the morning of the 18th of August, Shauk and I started for the county seat.

Just before leaving, he begged Elinor to accept the present of his saddle.

"But have you another one?" she asked in surprise.

"Not need one any more," he said indifferently.

"It's all right, Elinor," said I huskily; "he can use one of mine." And she, still looking puzzled, stood holding one of the huge stirrups in her hand as she waved us farewell.

We arrived at our destination about four o'clock on the next day, and my heart sank as I saw the rude scaffold which had been erected near the one street that the town possessed. Still there was time for a reprieve to reach us, and I did not entirely lose hope. The Indian, however, who knew nothing of my efforts in his behalf, rode unconcernedly to the little hotel, where the sheriff met us, and where we passed the night.

At six o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th no reprieve had been received, and Shauk mounted the scaffold. It was surrounded by a crowd of curious people, who had thronged about the town all day, and were impatient at the delay.

Shauk showed not the slightest sign of emotion. He merely waved me a farewell from the platform, and then the black cap was adjusted. I turned away, choking with sobs. The next instant I heard a sickening jolt, and knew that the man who had saved Elinor and myself to a life of happiness had swung into eternity.

Will T. Whillock.

MERZA.

MERZA, my Merza, the child of the palm land,
Born under cloudless skies
Where the slim rushes stand ever aquiver,
Mirrored below in the slumbering river—
All the still peace of a far and a calm land
Lies in your starlit eyes.

Merza, my Merza, ambition and duty
Die at a word from your mouth;
All of my life and my soul rushes out to you,
All the wild songs of my deep heart shout to you,
Ever I dream of your mystical beauty,
Queen of the languorous south!

Merza, my Merza, in infinite splendor
Burn the great stars of the west;
Through the blue night I would woo you to flee to me,
Merza, my Merza, oh, come to me, be to me
All that is gentle and loving and tender,
Come to my arms and rest!

Burke Devenish.



The Marchioness of Granby and Her Children.

From a photograph.

LADY GRANBY AND HER PENCIL DRAWINGS.

THE ENGLISH MARCHIONESS WHO IS THE AMATEUR PORTRAITIST OF LONDON SOCIETY—
SOME WELL KNOWN FACES AS SKETCHED BY HER CLEVER PENCIL.

FOR several years those who have visited the New Gallery, in London, have seen among its exhibits occasional pencil portraits of exquisite finish and delicacy, and beneath them the name of "Violet Granby." They are always greatly admired, and as the portraits are almost invariably those of well known people, the likenesses are at once recognized as being really marvelous. Each one has its individuality and character, expressed in a few strong pencil strokes in the simplest style imaginable.

But if these drawings are interesting, the artist herself is still more so, for the

Marchioness of Granby is a woman of striking personality, and a famous beauty as well. She is, moreover, a future duchess, though her present title is only a "courtesy" one. Her husband is called the Marquis of Granby as the heir of the present Duke of Rutland—more famous as the Lord John Manners who was a cabinet minister under Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli, and Lord Salisbury. The marquis, who represents the Melton division of Leicestershire in the House of Commons, first made his mark in public life as private secretary to the present premier; and being a gentleman of most courtly deportment, the wits of society



Frontispiece of "A Violet Crown."

From a pencil drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

dubbed him "Lord Salisbury's Manners."

Lady Granby is an English-woman pure and simple. Before her marriage she was Miss Violet Lindsay, her father being a colonel in the army. From the first she was a member of society's innermost circles, counting several royal personages among her intimates. Princess Louise of Lorne was one of her early friends, artistic pursuits of many kinds creating a happy bond of union between them. Belonging as she does to the Society of Souls, her friendships have always been eclectic as well as distinguished. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, the actress, was a companion of her girlhood, and is to this day one of her favorite associates. The Duchess of Portland, who was Miss Dallas Yorke, owes her brilliant and happy marriage to Lady Granby's affectionate interest. The marchioness' children, Lady Victoria Manners and Lord Haddon—a beautiful boy who

has since died—were among the bridesmaids and pages at the wedding of her girl friend.

Lady Granby is classed in that little coterie of lovely women among whom the Countess of Warwick is a leader. She has been the inspiration of sculptors, painters, and poets. Rennell Rodd dedicated to her a book of verses which he called "A Violet Crown," and for which she drew the frontispiece published here. Her beauty is of the most refined and spiritual order, her greatest charm being her graceful picturesqueness, and the fact that she is entirely unlike any other woman. She is tall and slender, with a face of wonderful expressiveness, but without any of the color of most English women, the skin being a pure ivory white that is almost startling in contrast with the red gold of her hair and the deep sea green of her lovely eyes. It is a face full of thought, full of soul, and with her dreamy sweetness of expression she represents a type of beauty most poetic and ethereal, and one rarely found in this *fin de siècle* world.

She is an artist not only with her pencil but in matters of dress as well. She designs her own gowns—which are made by Worth—and she is noted as being one of



Viscount Peel, Late Speaker of the House of Commons.

From a pencil drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

the best dressed women in London. Her combinations of color are remarkably daring, yet generally successful. She never favored the large sleeves, and often copies her gowns and hats from old pictures.

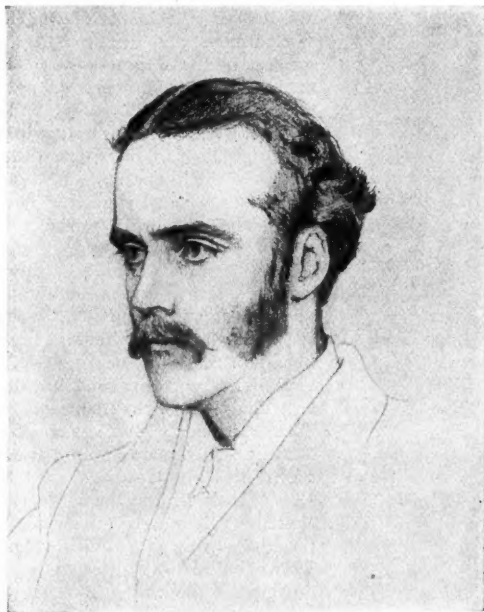
Although a leader in society, and an industrious artist, the marchioness still finds time to spend in the nursery with her young children, who have the same fine, beautiful faces as their mother. When in town, they all ride in the Row with their grooms, the youngest with a leading rein to his pony. The marchioness rides with them, and her willowy figure is a striking one on horseback, for she sits her saddle with great skill and is an accomplished rider to hounds.

Belvoir Castle, in Rutlandshire, the home of the Duke of Rutland, over which the Marchioness of Granby will some day be châteline, is one of the most beautiful of the great English country places. It is filled with priceless works of art, among them a famous gold dinner service second only to



The Marquis of Salisbury.

From a pencil drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.



The Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour.

From a pencil drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

the crown plate. The Belvoir hounds, of which the duke is master, are one of the finest packs in the chief hunting district of England. Their meets are grand occasions, generally attended by royalty. This is not the only evidence of the friendship between the royal family and the house of Mannors. Years ago, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort used to visit Belvoir Castle each season. Lady Granby's eldest daughter, Lady Victoria Mannors, was named by the queen, and is a great favorite with her majesty.

Lady Granby is fond of Americans. Richard Harding Davis and Charles Dana Gibson are among those who have enjoyed her hospitality. She made a very successful pencil sketch of Mr. Davis while he was her guest, which was exhibited at the New Gallery.

The most remarkable thing about Lady Granby's work is that she has never had an

hour's instruction, her natural talent never having been affected by a teacher's style. She makes a portrait in ten or fifteen minutes, and seldom fails to catch the likeness. One room in her town house, in Bruton Street, is given over entirely to her drawings, and the faces of nearly all the prominent people in London gaze at one from out their narrow black frames. Actors and actresses are caught in some life-like pose, such as no photograph could convey, for her ladyship dashes off a hasty sketch at the theater, during the play. Ellen Terry appears again and again among the collection, in all her marvelous grace. Prettiest of all are the portraits of the artist's children drawn during sleep, when dimpled childhood is so beautiful, with long lashes on soft, curved cheeks, tumbled baby hair, and little fists tucked under sweet chins. The marchioness possesses dozens of such priceless treasures, to be gazed at in the years to come.

The accompanying sketches of



Violet, Marchioness of Granby.
From a pencil drawing by herself.



Lady Victoria Manners.

From a pencil drawing by the Marchioness of Granby.

three famous English public men—Lord Salisbury, the present premier, Mr. Balfour, the leader of the House of Commons, and Viscount Peel, late speaker of the House—were made in the most hurried manner, during visits to the Marquis of Granby, and yet any one who has seen photographs of the originals can recognize the perfection of the likenesses. That of Mr. Balfour is especially good. The refined, scholarly, and somewhat cynical face of the Conservative chieftain has seldom been so happily portrayed. Almost every day the marchioness gives sittings to friends who wish her to sketch them, and the drawings are highly prized. One of the most beautiful of her portraits was that of the twin daughters of the Duchess of Manchester, formerly Miss Yznaga of New York. Some years ago, on the first night of Irving's revival of "King Lear," Lady Granby made a series of sketches which were afterwards published in the *Pall Mall Budget*. Drawn in the dim light from the stage during the play, they were a really wonderful instance of the graphic power of her quick and clever pencil.

Mabel Percy Haskell.



THE + STAGE .



A PLAYER OF MANY PARTS.

The career of a star in the theatrical firmament is always likely to be a more or less variable one. For the past few years, however, instead of an erratic uncertainty, there has been a pretty general tendency downward. The collapse of "The Caliph," after five weeks of precarious existence, is the most noteworthy of recent examples; but there are others galore. Marie Jansen, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Henry E. Dixey, Camille d'Arville, Gladys Wallis, Sadie Martinot—these are but a few of the well known people who have ventured afield on their own pinions only to "come croppers" and be glad to exchange big type on play bills and fences for certainty of weekly visits from "the ghost." Like Miss Wallis, Sadie Martinot found a happy opening with Charles Frohman, and became a lively feature of "The Gay Parisians."

Miss Martinot made her astral flight in "The Passport" in company with her husband, Max Figman. Her early days on the stage were

spent at an erstwhile dime museum in Boston, which boasted a stock company for variety business and rejoiced in the name of the Boylston Museum. She was very young then, and her chief stock in trade was the ability to imitate actresses who were as much in the public eye as she was out of it. After an experience on the road with a burlesque company, she returned to Boston, and again joined a stock company in a museum, but this time it was *the* Museum, where "Pinafore" and "Patience" afforded her a new field for her talents. It will be interesting to recall that Jack Mason and Joseph Haworth were both on the Museum's roster with her. Later she was seen at the Casino in New York, where, in 1885, she created the name part in "Nanon," having for associates Pauline Hall, William T. Carleton, and Francis Wilson. Of these three the first two belong in the foregoing list, having exchanged the dizzy heights of stardom for the lowly shelter of the vaudeville fold.

Miss Martinot is included in the company



Sadie Martinot.

From a photograph by Thore, San Francisco.



Lillian Russell.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupon, New York.

Charles Frohman contemplates sending to Australia to present "The Gay Parisians" (now running in London under the name "A Night Out") and "Too Much Johnson."

"AN AMERICAN BEAUTY."

Something like two years ago, one of the New York papers gave currency to the rumor that Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau had arranged with Lillian Russell that, in case the new opera DeKoven and Smith had written for her should not make a hit, their contract would cease. It was further stated that, in this event, Miss Russell would go to Europe for a year's rest. The opera in question was "The Tzig-

ane," and it did not make a hit. Nevertheless Miss Russell's agreement with her managers did not come to an end, nor did she go abroad for a rest. A new season was tried, with "The Goddess of Truth" for the trump card, and then came the crash—for the managers.

"Ruined by the Lillian Russell venture?" was the cry, and the singer was forced to bear the full brunt of the odium attached to the failure. But what has the sequel proved? That the operas, and not the star who sang in them, were at the bottom of the trouble.

Miss Russell is surely no younger than she was last year, and it is not to be supposed that her voice has gained anything in sweetness or



Violet Lloyd.

From a photograph by Dupont, New York.



Marie Tempest in "The Geisha."

From her latest photograph by Ellis, London.

power, and yet in "An American Beauty" she has just achieved what promises to be one of the greatest triumphs of her career. New managers, new librettist and composer, new ideas, have demonstrated that the real American beauty is still far from the "sere and yellow

Kerker, the well known orchestra leader, wrote the music, and the book is by "Hugh Morton," the *nom de guerre* of C. M. S. McClellan, a clever journalist. Miss Russell enacts the part of a famous beauty who is engaged by a circus manager to ride an elephant (a property one,



Marie Studholme as "Daisy Vane" in "An Artist's Model."

From a photograph by Downey, London.

leaf" period to which one of her critics not long since assigned her.

The new opera was produced at Scranton, Pennsylvania, on the 14th of September. It will play its Chicago engagement at Palmer's new Great Northern Theater, and is due at the Casino in New York during February. Gustave

by the way), and the story tells what happened when the show became stranded.

SINGERS IN "THE GEISHA" ON TWO SIDES OF THE SEA.

Ever since last spring, "The Geisha," as produced by the George Edwardes company at



Nellie Thorne.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Daly's Leicester Square Theater, has been London's most potent theatrical attraction. Just a year ago we told in these pages how intensely Marie Tempest disliked the part she was then playing in "An Artist's Model." *O Mimosa San*, her rôle in "The Geisha"—presented here by Dorothy Morton—is as congenial to her as *Daisy Vane* was distasteful.

The Japanese atmosphere appears to possess a peculiar attraction for Miss Tempest. Her dressing room is decorated with Japanese fans, dolls, scarfs, masks, and storks, to say nothing of a funny Japanese monkey. This partiality for reminders of the land of the Mikado has also found free vent in her new home, Durham House, St. John's Wood. A beautiful garden is a feature of the place, and here during the summer Miss Tempest was wont to spend her afternoons, either playing croquet

with friends or resting quietly with a book, storing up energy to carry her through the long run of "The Geisha," to which an end has not yet been set.

Marie Tempest is a great favorite in America. She refused tempting offers to come here this season with "The Geisha," but has promised that we shall see her some time next year in a new opera and with a company of her own.

Violet Lloyd, the vivacious English girl in praise of whom the papers had so much to say on the morning after the American production of "The Geisha," is only seventeen, and began to act when she was twelve. Few remembered that she was here last winter, touring with "The Shop Girl." Her first engagement was with the Kendals in "A White Lie," and ever since she has been under contract with George Edwardes. She was *Daisy Vane* in

"An Artist's Model" (the rôle in which Marie Studholme was introduced to us), and last summer, while Letty Lind was away on her vacation, she played *Molly Seamore* in "The Geisha." Mr. Daly saw her performance, and at once engaged her to create the part in New

the stage. In the course of the conversation, the friend asked him if he had seen "Society" at the Prince of Wales' Theater, adding, "You should go at once. It's a capital play and a devilish clever old man acts in it, a fellow named Hare."



Amy Busby.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

York. Her success therein is not the least conspicuous feature of the autumn's record.

HARE AND HIS OLD SCHOOLFELLOW.

During the coming engagement of John Hare at the Garrick, he will appear in a series of Robertson's comedies, in which he has made his greatest successes in England, and which he did not include in his repertoire during his first visit. Apropos of one of them, "Society," a story is told which may be quoted as an instance of a conversational rarity—a compliment whose sincerity was beyond question.

During the London run of the piece, Hare, whose real name is Fairs, ran across an old schoolfellow whom he had not seen for a long time, and who did not know that he had gone on

Adrienne Dairolles, who was here with "The Fatal Card," has been telling English readers that "really fine comedy, such as that of John Hare, is beyond the American understanding."

We present a portrait of a member of the Hare company, Nellie Thorne, who last winter played the ingenue rôle in "A Pair of Spectacles," creating an impression that was pleasant rather than forceful.

"SECRET SERVICE" AND ITS HEROINE.

After "The Prisoner of Zenda," "An Enemy to the King"; after "The Heart of Maryland," "Secret Service." Who shall say, in view of these successes, that public taste in plays is a fickle jade, who cannot be trusted to remain of the same mind for half a season?

Mr. Gillette's play was originally written some years ago, and finally reached performance last spring in Philadelphia, where it ran a week and is said to have called forth many suggestions from the critics. However this may be, its New York production at the Garrick in October evoked an almost unanimous chorus of praise from those men of Gotham's daily press who will not be too modest to tell

Southern girl in love with a Northern spy, she must make the public understand one thing—without a single makeshift aside in which to tell them of it—and show to the characters around her quite another. In spite of this handicap, she succeeds in capturing her audience at the very beginning and in holding them to the end.

Miss Busby was first brought prominently



Gladys Wallis.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

you that they make or mar the fortunes of the players.

A chief merit of "Secret Service" is its conciseness. The best short story is that in which the doings of the characters are rapidly consecutive; it is the same with a play, and this one could not be improved in that respect, as the acting all takes place within the limits of a single evening. Amy Busby has the leading feminine rôle, and it is the most difficult one in the whole piece. As *Edith Varney*, the

before metropolitan audiences two years ago as *Margaret Marrable* in "The Fatal Card." The part contains a strong emotional scene which its interpreter, mere girl though she was, handled with a cleverness that at once stamped her promotion as a worthy one. She has no skyward aspirations—or, in other words, no desire to soar as a star. Her ambition is to be the leading lady of a stock company which will give her the opportunity to broaden her mind by creating a variety



Bertha Westbrook.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

of parts, and not circumscribe her abilities by a monotonous repetition of a single character from September to June. She is still very young—scarcely past twenty, having begun to act when she was only fifteen—and as she has an exceedingly winning personality, it does not seem a rash prophecy to predict a speedy realization of her hopes.

Although *Edith Varney* is perhaps her fav-

hored this clever little actress by special mention of her work in the rôle, some time after the original review of the piece had been given. "The excellence of the performance," said the *Sun*, "is in the fact that the actress keeps herself continuously and uninterruptedly in character. Her face has the right expression, and her gestures and gait have the right action, even when she is virtually doing



Ernest Leicester as "Don Jose" in "Carmen."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

orite part among all she has played, she is very partial to *Louka* in "Arms and the Man."

A DIMINUTIVE FAVORITE.

It is reasonably safe to assert that nine out of ten persons who saw John Drew in "The Squire of Dames" last spring made mention afterwards of the effective work of Gladys Wallis as the child *Elsie*. The New York *Sun*

nothing. The personation contains a radical ingredient of artistic success in its completeness of detail."

When one recalls Miss Wallis' diminutive size, it is rather surprising to read that her début—at the age of fourteen—was made as *Juliet*. She first became known to playgoers at large through her connection with Crane's company, with which she remained three



Valaurez Juniori.
From a photograph by Danvers, London.



Anna Held.

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

years. Then she starred for a time, and later was *Dolly* in "The Little Tycoon." Her accession to the Charles Frohman forces assures her of being well fitted with a part, owing to the large number of companies under his control.

To an interviewer in Philadelphia she confessed that she would give anything to be tall, because then she would not be expected to have kittenish ways. Her home is in Danbury, Connecticut, where, she says, she won't wear a big hat for fear the natives might take her for an actress. Her real name is Gladys Bird, and she went on the stage strongly against the wishes of her family.

NOT "JUST LIKE FOLKS."

A Chicago newspaper woman has been collecting stories to show how acting may be so true to life that some of its auditors may fail to appreciate its art. One of them relates how a North Side lady who was visited by an agricultural relative from Vermont, took him, as a great treat, to see Herne in "Shore Acres." On being asked how he liked the acting, he exclaimed:

"Acting! They didn't do no acting! They were just like folks. Why, down in my part of the country people do that sort of thing every night!"

This critic would be highly delighted with "Human Hearts," a melodrama by Hal Reid, which H. C. Miner has been sending about the country for more than a year. We defy anybody to discover a locality where people do the sort of thing that is done within the boundaries of these four acts; and certainly *Tom Logan* and his associates in this "tale of the Arkansas hills" are sufficiently unlike "folks" to satisfy the most exacting spectator from the rural districts. Our portrait of Bertha Belle Westbrook shows the leading woman of the company, who is also the wife of Mr. Reid. This gentleman, by the way, is an unusually lucky man. He not only acts the leading part in all the pieces presented, but his manager is under contract to have the organization produce no other plays than those from his pen. Go to, you Bronson Howards and W. D. Howellses! Learn of this unassuming purveyor of melodrama how to insure public attention for every child of your fertile fancy!

THAT KISS.

It is not likely that we shall ever see it again. It did not "go" in London; in fact, all the English critics were as hard on Olga Nethersole's *Carmen* as some of them were on Mrs. Patrick Campbell's *Magda*. And what does not please London, even though we may have accorded it the compliment of crowded houses here on a first visit, is very likely to find the cold shoulder turned to it when it appears a second time.

Miss Nethersole told a Chicago interviewer, last spring, that people criticised *Carmen* because she was honest, and did not pretend to be other than she was.

"Dress a woman of her class in satins and laces," she declared, "and the world looks, admires, and cries, 'Well, she is a splendid creature!' Dress her in rags, and the public draws aside and will not touch her."

In other words, to borrow a phrase from James L. Ford's amusing little book, "The Literary Shop," Miss Nethersole evidently thinks that the public "is down on low life"—a proposition which might be disputed.

We give a portrait of Ernest Leicester, Miss Nethersole's English leading man of last season, and the recipient of the renowned kisses. He is reported too ill to come out for the present tour—a fact which weak jesters may set down as a result of the osculatory ordeal of last season. This year's metropolitan engagement will probably be played at the Knickerbocker, with Joseph Hatton's "When Greek Meets Greek" as a leading feature.

VARIOUS BALLAD SINGERS FROM FRANCE.

And the end is not yet. Last winter it was Guilbert (who is booked at Koster & Bial's this month); then, in the early autumn, there was Anna Held; and now, soon after the holidays, Juniori is to burst upon us at the Olympia. All three hail from France, all sing in the typical music hall style, and each costs her manager a fabulous sum to "bring her over"—as the manager puts it. Juniori was here years ago at Tony Pastor's. She was very young then, and presumably as pretty as she is today, but nobody thought of "booming" her, and she made no particular sensation. Now she returns to us amid the flourish of press agents' trumpets, which blazon abroad the fact that she is one of the two Frenchwomen whom the London Empire condescends to engage each year—Guilbert being the other.

But we note a welcome variation in the strains that sing the newcomer's praises. Stress is laid on the fact that her repertoire is a refined one, and that she is a great favorite with women. Here is indeed a novelty in music hall singers from France. If the announcement be a veracious one, let all who wish the theater well hope that she may prove a drawing card. Should the reverse be the case, to what desperate depths of the *risqué* will not the next Gallic importation think it necessary to descend!

As to Anna Held, she is deserving of the gratitude of all theater goers for introducing the big hat episode into her performance. After her first number, the stage is darkened for a moment. When the lights are turned on again, Mlle. Held is discovered—or no, she is not discovered, because she is entirely concealed by an enormous property hat, from behind which she sings and dances, permitting the audience now and then a tantalizing glimpse of an arm or ankle. The moral is obvious to every woman present, and it is to be hoped that this frolicsome little Frenchwoman may accomplish great "missionary" work this winter in the good cause of hat banishment.

We are told that Anna Held has a younger sister, talented in the same line, who does not mean to let the name be forgotten by a fickle public.

FOOTLIGHT CHAT.

The present season in New York has been distinguished for extremes. Plays have either proved very profitable, or so worthless that there was no forcing them, and several dark houses were the result. During October the American, the Broadway, the Bijou, and the Casino were all closed for a longer or shorter period, owing to this cause. The record of successes shows "The Geisha," "Secret Service," "My Friend from India," and "Brian Boru" to offset last year's "Heart of Maryland," "Christopher, Jr.," and "The Gay Parisians." Adding these to the tally printed in the preceding issue, we find the total to date as follows: 1895 hits, six; 1896 hits, ten.

A success may cause a manager as much trouble and worry of mind as a failure. As an example take "Secret Service." Richard Mansfield was booked at the Garrick for November 23, but Mr. Gillette's play made such a phenomenal hit that Charles Frohman resolved to leave no stone unturned to keep it in the house, for a transfer is always risky business. At first Mr. Mansfield was obdurate, even though by sending "Secret Service" out of his own theater he was cutting down his personal income. Here was a case, however, where pride of achievement struggled with the dollars and sense aspect. The latter conquered in the end, and Mr. Mansfield goes to the Garden Theater.

The latter, by the way, appears to be playing a general utility rôle in the list of houses under the Frohman management. It has already opened its arms to Robert Hilliard, barred from the Bijou by the unexpected hit of "My Friend from India," and if some of the attractions at the Knickerbocker prove strong enough to run over the original bookings, the accommodating Garden will no doubt again receive a homeless company. Although not on Broadway, it is a handsome, cheery resort, and has seen many notable successes—among them being "La Cigale," "Robin Hood," "1492," "Little Christopher," "Trilby," and "Chimmie Fadden."

"I've got fifty thousand dollars to lose on the play, and I'm willing to back it to that amount!"

So said the author of a so called "comedy frolic," put on the boards of a leading New York theater during the autumn, and promptly denounced by press and people as hopelessly vulgar and stupid. This speech sounded rakish, reckless, devil may care—quite in keeping with the tone of the piece itself. But there is found to be method in Mr. Gunter's apparent bravado. He had dramatized the play from one of his own novels, and the talk over the former has sold tons of the latter.

Thus we have the anomalous condition of a papered house turning a stream of money into the author's till.

If a young man or woman a day under sixteen takes a step on the stage other than walking, the law of New York State puts an instant veto on the act. But when the law of decency is openly violated by five young women in a music hall, and a play is performed night after night to an audience of men because no self respecting woman can bring herself to enter the theater, there is nothing done to save the public from the contamination, simply because all technical requirements of the statute books are complied with.

When "Marty Malone" fell a good way short of meeting the second booking at the Bijou, a hasty quest was made for some sort of a stop gap. A filler was wanted, and a winner was found. Messrs. Smyth and Rice, whilom managers for Robert Hilliard and Mrs. Potter, respectively, were daring fate in the provinces with "My Friend from India," a farce comedy written some years since by H. A. Du Souchet, a telegraph operator on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and duly rejected by every theater in the metropolis. The open weeks at the Bijou were offered to this "attraction," which not only filled them with standing room only audiences, but all of "The Mummy's" time into the bargain. In brief, "My Friend from India" sneaked into town in rubbers, but will go out in a coach and four.

What has done it? The originality of the devices that bring about old time situations. But why did not the managers to whom the piece was first submitted recognize its merits? In the unanswerable nature of this query you have the prime factor in making the theatrical business the precarious calling it is.

"My Friend from India" is such a clever play that it is deserving of a much better cast than its managers, with their original modest expectations, were able to give it. Its essential weakness lies with the women; but the name part, too, is susceptible of more finished treatment than Mr. Perkins brings to it. For the rest, Frederic Bond, always energetic, does admirable work in the rôle of the father, and Edward S. Abeles, as the scapegrace son, is an artist. His impersonation is full of quality—of mind. It shows the fruit of a study that leaves no blurring trace of itself, and glows with a spontaneity of feeling that is rarely found in the leading juvenile field.

It was unfortunate in a double sense that Jefferson De Angelis chanced to be playing in a piece by Smith and Englander when his starrng tour came to an untimely finish. This fact makes it so easy for his enemies to lay all the blame on the star. "Look at Wilson," they may argue. "He has been fitted out by the same men, and nobody complains of the drawing powers of 'Half a King'!" But all

this is beside the main issue. De Angelis is an exceedingly clever comedian. He would have made a hit with material more worthy than "The Caliph." Rumor has it now that he is organizing a new company to go out with another opera, while his late manager is doing the same for "The Caliph." We hope it may be so; the question of the responsibility for the late collapse will then be settled beyond dispute.

* * * *

Apropos of the retirement of "The Caliph," heroic measures were all that saved "The Oolah" when Francis Wilson entered stardom. On the day after the first performance, the company assembled in solemn conclave on the stage. The comments of the press were heart-rending. Wilson was all right, but the opera—well, that was impossible. Then it was that an almost unprecedented display of unselfishness was manifested by the principal members of the supporting company. Marie Jansen, Laura Moore, and Hubert Wilkie came up to Wilson and said: "Now look here, something has got to be done. Everybody says that the piece wants more of you in it. Don't consider us for a moment; cut and slash out anything that keeps you in the background. The public want Wilson. Give them what they are asking for, and save the opera. It's the only way to do it."

And it was. Out came the scissors, in came Mr. Cheever Goodwin with fresh ideas, and in its improved shape "The Oolah" played to excellent business through Mr. Wilson's first season.

* * * *

One expects critics to disagree at times in their opinions of a play or a player, but when two reports of the conduct of an audience are utterly at variance with each other, the reader is set hunting through the wood pile for a dusky little fellow called Personal Prejudice. When a certain much advertised song and dance quintet made their appearance recently at a big music hall, one metropolitan daily reported: "They were cheered and applauded and recalled again and again. * * * They have every reason to be satisfied with their reception in this town." And this is what another paper had to say of the self same period in the evening's events: "Seven drunken youths in a lofty box clapped their hands when the would be naughty five ceased their painful gyrations. So did certain sober men in various parts of the house whose faces indicated stern devotion to duty. But the crowd? The crowd stood up and yawned and said to one another: 'Well, what did you expect?' and walked out looking bored."

* * * *

If music hall stars were as prudent as they are clever, they would refuse to play return engagements. Perhaps they won't have the chance, for after this season the managers will be the prudent ones. When one recalls the cheers with which Chevalier was rewarded during his first weeks at Koster & Bial's last

spring, it is really pitiable to remember the empty or papered chairs to which he sang at the Garrick this autumn. Although Cissy Fitzgerald's wink may be just as roguish in Thirty Fourth Street as it was two years ago ten blocks farther down, the public are evidently tired of it. There is only one time to make hay with a genuine sensation, and that is in the blazing sunlight of its early days. The fact is being demonstrated very emphatically this season. Those who were obliged to stand on their tiptoes and stretch their necks to catch a glimpse of Guilbert during her first visit will probably find no trouble in avoiding the rush during the second.

* * * *

"Brian Boru" is a "Prisoner of Zenda," or an "Enemy to the King," set to music. No work of the sort since "Robin Hood" has so universally pleased. And the beauty of it is that, as presented by the Whitney company, one is conscious of the fact that the people have been chosen to fit the story instead of having the latter twisted, padded, pruned, and stretched to fit them. Another factor in securing the wide favor the Irish piece has won: there is not too much of any one thing. The "fat" is equally distributed throughout the cast—an exceedingly capable one—and yet so deftly has the theme been handled that there is no shadow of a suspicion that Mr. Stange forced situations to this end.

Stange, by the way, before he became a writer for the stage, was an actor on it, having played the villain in "The Henrietta" with the old Robson-Crane company.

History tells us that Brian Boru was a real personage, although Mr. Whitney has taken liberties with the orthography of the surname, in the interests of euphony.

* * * *

It is a pity that Georgia Cayvan did not begin her starring tour a year or two ago, as was the first intention. She would then have taken the public taste in emotional drama at its flood. At present the preference is for the romantic, the picturesque; we are inclined to smile at soul stirring episodes in domestic environment. They belong to a past order of things, to a day when women loved to weep at the play. But the Athletic Girl has impressed herself upon the period, and although all women may not be New, feminine partiality for the tearful is out of date.

Miss Cayvan is a convincing actress and a great favorite. Give her a play in touch with the times, and she will not lack for profitable houses. "Mary Pennington" was *fin de siècle* only in its incidents; the atmosphere was wholly of the eighties. One thing more; Frank Atherley, Miss Cayvan's leading man, imported from England, is sadly inferior to the leading juvenile, Orrin Johnson, formerly with Sol Smith Russell. Mr. Atherley lacks magnetism. C. J. Richman, an admirable actor, now of Daly's, was to have filled the post had the tour begun when originally planned.

LITERARY CHAT

MR. ALDRICH'S NEW POEM.

Excepting only Swinburne's "Tale of Balen," the most important addition to poetical literature which has made its appearance during the present year is "Judith and Holofernes," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. We have several times had occasion in this department to refer to Mr. Aldrich's work, and in so doing have not hesitated to express the opinion that it is far and away the most admirable verse of which any of our countrymen is capable today. The passing, within a comparatively short period, of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes left a gap in the world of American literature which may not be filled for another hundred years. We have but two poets living who are entirely worthy of the name—Stedman and Aldrich—and the first of these has of late years relapsed into silence. Mr. Stedman's unwillingness to venture into verse again, to "sing," as he says, "his unsung songs," leaves Mr. Aldrich practically without a rival, and for this reason, if for no other, the publication of "Judith and Holofernes" is a literary event.

The subject of the poem, as will be seen from the title, is a story from the Apocrypha, and regarding it Mr. Aldrich speaks as follows in his prefatory note:

"It is fable and not history, and in the following narrative the author has taken such liberties with the myth as suited his dramatic purpose. He has widely departed from precedent in his delineation of *Judith*, who moves through the Apocrypha a beautiful and cold blooded abstraction with scarcely any feminine attribute excepting her religious fervor. * * * *Judith's* character throughout the ancient legend lacks that note of tenderness with which the writer has here attempted to accent her heroism."

Those who recall the Apocryphal story of the murder of the Assyrian prince by the Hebrew woman will realize how dramatic is the theme which Mr. Aldrich has chosen. His introduction of pity for *Holofernes* in *Judith's* mind is a happy inspiration. Not only does it accent her heroism, but it gives an opportunity for the introduction of at least one extremely fine passage in the poem.

Mr. Aldrich's treatment of his subject is singularly straightforward and devoid of rhetorical intricacy, so much so, in fact, that it gives a first impression almost of bluntness and bald monotony. But one cannot but be impressed with the fitness of this simplicity. The time and the man demand heroic severity of diction, and Mr. Aldrich has contrived to be in a way Homeric. "Judith and Holofernes" has a beauty that is all its own, that is different from anything its author has done previously or anything he is likely to do in future. And it is welcome not only for its in-

trinsic merit, but as fresh proof that so long as Thomas Bailey Aldrich lives and writes America has a poet of whom she may well be proud.

MR. CANTON'S "W. V."

Mr. William Canton, author of "The Invisible Playmate," has lately published a delicious little study of child life with the title "W. V., Her Book"—which reminds us of Miss Mary Mears' "Emma Lou, Her Book." There is a quality in Mr. Canton's work that brings to mind the saying of a well known literary man who, upon reading a child's reply to a question, in one of the magazines, remarked: "That is too good to be untrue." So it is with "W. V." Her quaint conceits, as recorded in "Her Book," are entirely too good to be untrue. We are sure that somewhere she exists, grown to womanhood now, perhaps, and that Mr. Canton has or has had the key to her heart. He possesses to a remarkable degree the ability to write naturally of a child, but something more than this ability is necessary to the making of such a book as this. That something is the child herself. Ingenious as Mr. Canton is, we believe it to be beyond his power to invent what has so true a ring.

Of King Robert Bruce "W. V." inquires: "And if they had found him would they have sworded off his head? Really, father? Like Oliver Crumball did Charles King's?" And she considers the brook a miracle—"I couldn't stay here if I always was running away."

Mr. Canton's account of "W. V." is short, too short. It comprises three chapters and some verses, the rest of the book being taken up with twenty poems in a more serious vein and of peculiar charm. One of the child lyrics, which its author calls "Naturula Naturans," is worth quoting:

Beside the water and the crumbs
She laid her little birds of clay,
For—"When some other sparrow comes
Perhaps they'll fly away."

Ah, golden dream, to clothe with wings
A heart of springing joy; to know
Two lives 't the happy sum of things
To her their bliss will owe!

Day dawned; they had not taken flight,
Tho' playmates called from bush and tree.
She sighed: "I hardly thought they might.
Well—God's more clever'n me!"

In his "various verses" Mr. Canton proves beyond dispute that he has the poet's touch. There is a depth about these beyond mere melody, though of melody there is no lack. The longest and best of the poems—good enough but too lengthy for complete quotation here—is "Crying Abba, Father."

When she is forward, querulous or wild,
 Thou knowest, Abba, how in each offense
 I stint not patience lest I wrong the child,
 Mistaking for revolt defect of sense,
 For wilfulness mere spriteliness of mind;
 Thou knowest how often, seeing, I am blind.

* * *
 And how, when twice, for something grievous
 done,
 I could but smite, and though I lightly smote,
 I felt my heart rise strangling in my throat;
 And when she wept I kissed the poor red
 hands.

All these things, Father, a father understands;
 And am I not thy son?

* * *
 Thou'st seen how closely, Abba, when at rest
 My child's head nestles to my breast;
 And how my arm her little form enfolds,
 Lest in the darkness she should feel alone;
 And how she holds
 My hands, my hands, my two hands in her
 own?

A little caseful sighing
 And restful turning round,
 And I, too, on Thy love relying,
 Shall slumber sound.

"SOME CORRESPONDENCE AND SIX CONVERSATIONS."

Mr. Clyde Fitch, the distinguished New Yorker who wrote the part of *Beau Brummel* for Mr. Mansfield, and who performs it daily for the edification of the rest of the world, has strayed for the nonce into the preserves of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. This particular trespass is entitled "The Impressionist and the Widowed Lady," and occupies half of a little book called "Some Correspondence and Six Conversations." Rechristen the Impressionist *Mr. Carter* and the Widowed Lady *Miss Foster*, and it would be extremely easy to mistake Mr. Fitch's conversations for a continuation of "The Dolly Dialogues." The style is identical.

A clock struck. I had no idea it was so late. I was obliged to go. It wasn't till I rose that I remembered I had bought a bunch of violets for her on the street, and thrust them into my coat tail pocket.

"How strange," she murmured innocently. "I smell violets."

"Thought transference," I said; "they are the ones I am going to bring you my next call."

"I have no engagement for three tomorrow."

"I have one, made at this moment," and I kissed her hand.

This passage and the rest might readily have been conceived in Mr. Hawkins' own sanctum. It is impossible not to draw comparisons, and at the same time it is hardly just to do so. Mr. Fitch is by no means a plagiarist. He has an ample stock of ideas and a considerable facility for arranging them. But then there is no need to apologize for placing any man's work beside Mr. Hawkins'. Any number of writers would be only too proud to deserve the compliment.

The part of "Some Correspondence" included under the head of "Two Letters and a Postal Card," is a keen piece of satire which

becomes tragic when one realizes how true to life it is. The New York guest at a country house who writes to her sister to request a telegram demanding her return home, and the hostess, also writing to the sister, who says in all innocence, "Please don't believe one half the nice things she's saying of us"—these are characters not only possible but more than probable. Here is another specimen of Mr. Fitch's naïve humor. The Albany child writes to the New York child:

* * * You know my lovely white cat, Launcelot? Well, what do you think? He has had kittens! Five little pussies! I have not decided yet whether to give them girls' or boys' names. Which would you if you were me?

And the New York child replies:

If I were you I would give half girls' names and half boys', because you know you never can tell how children will turn out!

"Some Correspondence" is as dainty a volume as the season has produced. The binding is novel and delicate, and the letter-press perfect.

"ARTIE" AND SOME OTHERS.

It is as true that all kinds of books go to make up literature as that all kinds of men go to make up a world. We are duly impressed by the change which the past year or so has brought about in this respect. A type of book exists today which two years ago would have been impossible; a type which, begrudge it recognition though we will, is nevertheless a literary factor and a literary fact—the slang story.

"Chimmie Fadden," pioneer of this class, was the signal for the uprising of a school at which those of us who have high ideals are wont to sneer. But let us be fair. What we concede to Mr. Crockett's "Cleg Kelly" and to Mr. Nevinson's "Slum Stories" should also be conceded to studies of our own lower classes. We are shirking the question when we class coster speech and the idiom of an Edinburgh gamin as dialect, and condemn the work of Mr. Townsend and Mr. Crane as slang, accepting the former as literature and ostracizing the latter.

It is time, in view of the rapidly growing list of these books, to ask if after all slang has not some claim to a place on Parnassus. That zealous student of English, Mr. Brander Matthews, long since directed his attention to the subject, and has frequently voiced his conviction that a dictionary of American slang would be a valuable addition to our stock of works of reference. And with "Chimmie Fadden" and kindred books before us it is no longer possible to ignore the fact that slang has obtained a foothold in the literature of the day. But it is a jealous thing to touch. It requires a knowledge of people and places and above all a power of selection. Some slang is worth recording and some ought never to appear in print. Much of it is unpardonably coarse, and much too transient to deserve recording; while, on the other hand,

much of it is absorbed into and becomes part of the language of all classes.

The latest slang story is Mr. George Ade's "Artie: A Story of the Streets and Town." Its author has attempted the unfolding of no plot. The book is frankly a character study from start to finish, and, whether or not we are interested in slang, there is no denying that Mr. Ade's work is exceptional. *Artie* is considerably lower than the angels, but he is head and shoulders above Mr. Townsend's *Chimmie* or Mr. Crane's *Maggie*. Mr. Crane has never been known to hesitate at anything. His slum people curse freely and openly, and say things better left unsaid with sublime frankness. It is hard to forgive the author of "Maggie" for his ruthless dragging forth of the unpalatable, however strong and however true to life it may be. Even *Chimmie*, popular as he is, shows Mr. Townsend to be somewhat lacking in ability to select. He is amusing, of course, but even his humor cannot wholly conceal his vulgarity. *Artie's* conversation, on the contrary, fearful and wonderful as are its distortions of the English language, is never coarse, and if anything it is cleverer than *Chimmie's*. Mr. Ade will never be as well known as Mr. Townsend, because the latter has had the supreme advantage of being first in the field, but an impartial consideration of their respective books cannot but convince one that of the two "Artie" is more deserving of recognition.

Moreover, Mr. Ade has a style of his own that is good, aside from the sayings of his hero. It will be remembered that the author of "Checkers" (another Chicago slang story) failed utterly in this regard. So long as *Checkers* talked, the merit of the book was apparent; but when Mr. Blossom ceased to quote from life and launched out in his own style the story became entirely commonplace. As for Mr. Townsend, every one knows that when once he parts company with the Bowery boy and joins forces with *Major Max*, the light goes out.

When Mr. Matthews finally determines to compile his dictionary of slang he may receive able assistance from Messrs. Crane, Townsend, and Ade. Of the three Mr. Ade has undoubtedly the most extensive vocabulary. *Artie's* ability to express his thoughts without the use of words found in Webster is a latter day miracle. Imagine this book to be buried and unearthed a thousand years hence—what would be the astonishment of the student of ancient languages at passages such as this—*Artie's* method of expressing contempt?

I want to tell you somethin', Barney. You're nothin' but a two spot. You're the smallest thing in the deck. Say, I see barrel house boys goin' around for hand outs that was more on the level than you are. Now, I'll put you next to one thing: I want nothin' to do with you, because I'm on.

A FEMININE E. P. ROE.

We respectfully beg the pardon of Miss Maria Louise Pool when we say that she is

coming to be in America what the late E. P. Roe was, what Edna Lyall is in England, and Georges Ohnet in France. Miss Pool has more art than any of these three novelists, but she has their element of popularity.

Most people who have read "Dally," and know it for a book of comparatively recent date, have little idea that Miss Pool is not a "new writer," but in fact her stories were appearing as far back as the days of the *Galaxy*. For years she wrote letters, when she felt like it, to some of the New York Sunday papers, the better class of them. The first series to attract attention was "A Vacation in a Buggy." A publisher asked to put them in book form, and a limited class of readers enjoyed them. A visit to the South and a study of the poor whites of North Carolina gave her inspiration for her first successful novel, and this has been followed by the long list of books that have made Miss Pool one of our most popular authors. It is said that she owns a large clientele among the business men in cities. Men who came from the country, and who have not had time to cultivate a literary taste in the hurry of a busy life, can enjoy Miss Pool's novels, and have done a great deal to enlarge her audience by their admiration.

TRAVEL IN SYRIA WELL TOLD.

It is a rare thing to find a book dealing with journeying in foreign lands which appeals to persons uninterested in its special subject. A vast majority of reading people view any printed record of travel with aversion—a natural result, perhaps, of the indescribable dryness which characterizes the narrative of the average explorer. A roving disposition and literary ability are seldom found to dwell together in unity, as they did with Stanley and Kennan, and as they do, to a considerable extent, with the author of "Syria from the Saddle," Mr. Albert Payson Terhune.

Mr. Terhune is a newcomer in literature, this being his first book. It is by no means an ultra ambitious effort, its author describing it as "an unscholarly story of a lazy two months' ride through the wilderness of Syria." This is a severer judgment than any fair minded critic will pronounce upon it. Whatever it may be, it is not unscholarly, and it has the saving grace of being interesting. There is a conspicuous absence from its pages of the "I know and you don't" tone familiar in such works, and it boasts an element of shrewd humor which is quite unexpected. We are not aware of many travelers who in their records have been able so far to forget their own importance as to let the reader imagine for a moment that there might be humorous situations in their experience; and the innovation is, to say the least, refreshing.

There is little in Mr. Terhune's book that we cannot find in other records of travel in the East, but there is much which we should never take the trouble to read if it were not told in exactly this amusing fashion. "Syria from the Saddle" will be finished by every one who

begins it. There is a large and exhausting supply of scholarly work before the public just at present, and it is a relief to turn from it now and then and absorb information in a sugar coated form. And Mr. Terhune's book is by no means lacking in information. In his two months' ride he obtained a very clear comprehension of Syrian manners and morals, and he has connected this with biblical history in a way that makes his story a literary guide to the country with which it deals. Best of all, this information is not administered in the painful statistical manner affected by writers of such books. Fact slips into the reader's mind leaning on the arm of anecdote. Altogether, considering its author's inexperience, and the fact that this is one of the dreaded books of travel which are so apt to bore unspeakably, "Syria from the Saddle" is an achievement.

AN AMERICAN ABSENTEE.

The changes in the fashion of books are as pronounced as the changes in gowns. A novelist who is feeling this fact, and has begun to show it, is Mr. Henry James. What American more than eighteen years old does not remember when "Howells and James" was a combination to conjure with? In those days, a new novel by either of the two men was a distinct literary event. No young woman was properly fitted for society unless she had read their books. They were the fashion. Nowadays, how many of the golf playing maidens, or even the members of interior village literary societies, know the titles of their latest stories?

Mr. Howells is turning out new work so rapidly that one is reminded of the little boy's explanation of the creation of kittens. "Of course they are not made one by one, as we are," he said, "but the Lord just says, 'Let there be kittens,' and there *are* kittens." Mr. Howells' later stories sound as though they had been produced in batches.

Quite a number of years ago Mr. James made up his mind to the opinion which the well known Irish editor of an American newspaper is said to have lately voiced, that there are not more than forty or fifty Americans worth associating with. He went to London, where he could find a larger audience. They took kindly to him over there. We had set him on a sort of pedestal here—we others who were not in the little class he could tolerate; but in England they treated him with the greatest ease. They hissed his play, and let him write for *The Yellow Book*. In return he produced stories that were patterns of style, about the angle at which noble lords wore their hats.

But within himself Mr. James longed for other things. He was like the golden princess who was plated, and now and then he would show through in spots. In his heart he always hankered after strong effects. For all his reserve, and the good manners of his people, he never could resist letting us know that somewhere off the stage his characters had given way to passions and temptations. If he had

come from Chicago instead of Boston, Mr. James would have written novels which the careful mamma would have read with breathless interest and hidden from the young person. He always had it in him, and now he has come somewhere near letting it out. His new story, "The Other House," has for its theme all the material of the sensational or problem novel.

Right here we serve notice upon Mr. James that his title is not original. It was used by Miss Kate Jordan some years ago, and a very clever novel she wrote under it. It was also the name of the heroine's play in "The Daughter of Festus Hanks," by Robert McDonald, published in this magazine.

Mr. James' new story is just as literary in style as any of his other books, but in this case he has something to write about. It isn't a pleasant tale. It is made up of love, untruth, crime. People are going to say that Henry James has made a bid for popularity and money, but that will be unfair. The truth is that he always did like this sort of thing, but was kept from showing it through fear of the prudery of public opinion. It has taken a great deal of reassurance to make him understand that the public did not mind, but would let him write what he wished to. Besides, after a man has published in the *The Yellow Book*, he is hardened enough to defy even social Boston.

We are wondering if Miss Kate Jordan is going to allow Mr. James to keep the title of "The Other House," which is undoubtedly her property. Miss Jordan is an Irish girl, born in Dublin, but she has lived for a long time in New York. She says that had she never heard Moszkowski's serenade played, or seen E. S. Willard in "Judah," she never would have written "The Other House." The story was refused by publishers at first on account of its rather daring plot, but it found both print and success at last.

MRS. BURNETT IN A NEW RÔLE.

One of the disadvantages of being famous is the fact that one's inner life and actions are dragged forth unceremoniously to the glaring light of publicity. It is an unfortunate but necessary part of the existence of a genius, and the victim must bear it with fortitude and outward composure, however little he may enjoy the process.

Critics of many countries have pronounced Mrs. Burnett a success as a novelist. Few, however, would think of crediting this slight, wonderful eyed, light haired, impulsive little lady with any dramatic tendencies. And yet before her eldest boy, Lionel, had begun to think of the possibilities and joys of long trousers, the little chap, obedient to his mother's command, would climb upon a chair and enact *Romeo* to his mother's *Juliet*. If the performance could not be classed as "high art," it was at any rate given with a fervor and an energy worthy of the deepest attention from the favored few who were fortunate enough to

witness it. Lionel, in his velvet suit, deep lace collar and cuffs, and majestic height of four feet one, could hardly be said by the most prejudiced critic to look the part of the love sick Veronese. Neither could Mrs. Burnett (who was as likely as not to appear in a morning wrapper) be said to bear much resemblance to the ideal *Juliet*. Still, when the little fellow would lean forward, hot, tired, and anxious, throw out his arms, and pipe up in his small, trembling, childish treble:

"Shall I hear more, or shall I speak of this?" to his excited *Juliet's* impassioned appeal of "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" the small circle of admiring friends would clap ecstatically, and declare that he was the remarkable son of a remarkable parent.

Mrs. Burnett was an adoring if somewhat tyrannical mother. Indeed, it is doubtful if she herself knew the full amount of affection she really bore toward her sons, until one was taken from her. The blow prostrated her for many weeks. Her cry was "I can never write again; I can never write again," but time has shown her that she could.

Although for some years past she has lived in London, Mrs. Burnett has not forgotten her American associations. "I was born in England," she once said; "all my people are English, even to the third and fourth generation, but I have been the mother of two American sons. That seems to give a country a sort of claim upon a woman, and it seems, too, to give a woman a sort of claim upon a country—to have given it two men. So that perhaps it might be said that by my own birth I am an English woman, but by the birth of my boys I am an American."

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

To an innumerable host, loving him for himself and for his work, the news of George Du Maurier's death came as a personal calamity. We are told that the indispensable man does not exist, but it is certain that Du Maurier held a place in the world which no man living can fill. Had he been taken from us half a dozen years ago, his death would have aroused sorrow throughout the English speaking world; but coming as it did in the full flush of his fame as a novelist, the loss was doubly severe. His death was like that of Stevenson, for he had done so much for literature, and gave promise of doing so much more, that he occupied a place in the hearts of book lovers all his own. "When half gods go, the gods arrive," but, losing Stevenson, Morris, and Du Maurier, it seems rather as if the gods had gone and as if there are only half gods to continue the work they began. Where are we to look for gods in the literary world today?

Speaking of Stevenson's death, Mr. Quiller-Couch has said, "What was our first thought, as soon as the immediate numbness of sorrow had past and the selfish instinct began to reassert itself (as it always does)? Was it not something like this—'Put away books and paper and pen. Stevenson is dead, and now

there is nobody left to write for.' " Something of the same feeling came with the news of Du Maurier's death. His influence in art and literature can never, perhaps, be justly estimated. Thousands of artists will tell you that Du Maurier taught them half they know; millions of readers are indebted to him for many happy hours. And now that he is dead, it is as if a great light had gone out.

The artistic sense was strong in Du Maurier from boyhood. It is said that as a child, before he first went to England, he used to study each number of the London periodical which his pen has since made famous. *Punch* was his idol, as it was afterwards his world. His early years in Paris gave him the vivid views of French life that have done so much to enhance the charm of his writings.

Personally Du Maurier was a singularly attractive man, a brilliant conversationalist, a thorough artist and a staunch friend. Those whose good fortune it was to meet him in his own home will never forget the experience. His house in the northern suburbs of London—which he left shortly before his death for a more ambitious residence in the West End—was a veritable little Eden, surrounded by trees and flowers and breathing always the spirit of hospitality.

"THE TRUTH TELLERS."

One of the cleverest and most amusing novels this present season has brought forth is John Strange Winter's "Truth Tellers." The book, which is of the lightest nature, is characteristic of Mrs. Stannard at her best.

A certain cynical writer has said that the secret of making one's way in the world nowadays is the knowledge of when and how much to lie. Distasteful as the thought may be, this story seems to prove the truth of the assertion. Mrs. Stannard has been the first to take up in a novel the prevarications common to fashionable life, and, even while satirizing them, she has proved them indispensable to a tolerable existence. No doubt we should all be better morally if, like the five children about whom her story revolves, we told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but how miserable we should make our friends!

"The Truth Tellers" deals with the children of an eccentric Englishman, who have been brought up on one of the Shetland Islands. Their father possessed an iron determination to be truthful—absolutely, unconditionally so—and this principle he has inculcated in the minds of his sons and daughters. At his death they are left to the guardianship of a maiden aunt who transports them all to London. Thenceforward are demonstrated the awful results of clinging absolutely to the truth. It sends cold shivers down the spine of the reader to imagine himself in the position of that guardian aunt. *Ernestine*, the eldest girl, thus delivers herself shortly after her arrival:

"Auntie," she said, "I never saw anything

so curious as your hair in all my life! It is red at the top, but it is quite black underneath!"

The second daughter is equally frank. Being puzzled by a phrase in a ghost story, and shortly thereafter meeting a stately duchess, she observes pleasantly:

"Now I understand how teeth can rattle like castanets!"

Truth may be a pearl of great price, but pearls of great price are often most inconvenient things to have around.

Mrs. Stannard's book is not a great one, nor does it pretend to greatness. It is written to amuse, and serves its purpose admirably; and there are not by any means too many books of which one can say that—and be a truth teller.

A MASTER OF MYSTERY.

"The Carbuncle Clue," the latest achievement of Mr. Fergus Hume, of hansom cab fame, reminds us forcibly of a dime novel in a high state of cultivation. The "cultivation" has no connection with literary style, referring rather to the publishers being reputable and the cover of the book more pretentious than that of the average volume of the "Half Dime Horror" variety. Regarding Mr. Hume's style, there is not much to be said. One realizes how defective is the English language when one looks about for an adjective to describe the diction of his books.

Those familiar with Mr. Hume's work—and who is not?—will remember that it is his custom to begin with a mysterious murder and finish with the vindication of an innocent man. Familiar music is the sweetest, familiar scenery the most grateful to the eye. Mr. Hume's books enthrall and fascinate because the reader always knows exactly how they will turn out, and thus avoids the nervous strain which physicians tell us is so injurious to the heart. When the corpse and the astute detective, the villain and the circumstantial evidence, have all been marshaled in due array, together with the accused man who refuses to tell what he was doing at the time of the crime, and the beautiful damsel who trusts her lover sublimely, then Mr. Hume takes his pen in hand, dips it in blood red ink, and embellishes the first chapter with gore and mystery.

Once having planned out one's life work and the methods by which it is to be furthered, there is nothing like plowing the furrow to the end. Mr. Hume is not the kind of man who makes a resolve on January 1 and breaks it on January 2. In the dim past, before he solved "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," he determined that there was a right way to write a detective story and that there was a wrong way. He proceeded to choose the latter, and with admirable consistency has clung to it ever since. His literary puppet booth boasts half a score of marionettes who have new dresses for every new play, and who never for a moment overstep the line that divides a live man and one of wood. Wonderful mysteries does the showman concoct for them, and thrilling

situations; yet they always preserve their stolidity, and are dolls and nothing more.

Small wonder, indeed, that we enjoy the naïveté with which Mr. Hume works out his attractively transparent plots, his presurmised complications, and his inevitable dénouements. Of course we all know that *Mr. Punch* is going to beat his wife and throw the baby down stairs and even get the best of the hangman. But we know, too, that in the end he is to go the way of the transgressor, and therefore we can tolerate any amount of mystery and crime in the sweet certainty of ultimate retribution.

HERR NORDAU'S FUTILE FICTION.

"The amiable, modest, polite, delicately humorous, and ever tolerant and considerate Professor Max Nordau," as George Du Maurier has, with fine irony, called him, is rapidly coming to resemble an idol from which most of the gilt has been rubbed. People have had time to think over the theories which, from their very novelty, took the world by storm and seemed unanswerable, and are beginning to question whether "Degeneration" is not, after all, a mere exhibition of spleen on the part of a disgruntled and by no means infallible litterateur. Answers are appearing to his propositions, answers quite as logical and deserving of consideration as the propositions themselves; and the fact that Herr Nordau will not tolerate contradiction or consider reasonably the other side of the argument, but prefers to rave and rant and indulge in personal abuse, does not tend to strengthen his position.

Meanwhile, Herr Nordau continues to write fiction, and the fact that such fiction as Herr Nordau writes is published or read seems to us proof positive that he is a man of whom something further is expected. The appearance in one brief year of "How Women Love" and "Soap Bubbles" would have set a seal forever upon the reputation of any other writer—a black seal, with a bit of crape attached thereto.

It is almost as hard to resent "Soap Bubbles" as it would be to wax enthusiastic over the book. It is such a harmless, inoffensive, futile little effort that it is incapable of arousing any positive emotion. One shrinks from criticising it rudely and unfeelingly, just as one would refrain from being unduly severe with the colorless little essays written by children in a preparatory school. "Soap Bubbles," in its distressingly ugly cover, and with its bald, uninteresting stories, is like a charity orphan among books, clad in a poor gingham frock, raising appealing eyes for recognition. Will any one, we wonder, read it through?

It seems to be a fact, proven beyond dispute, that Herr Nordau is not a success in the field of fiction. What remains to be seen is whether or not he will appreciate this and confine himself in future to his psychological speculations, which, if not infallible, are at least interesting and give us something to talk and think about. No one will ever talk or think much about "Soap Bubbles."

LATEST FADS

SOME SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

"Christmas comes but once a year,"
But when it does all things are dear,
And man and maid alike grow pale,
Seeing their savings shrink and fail.
One thought alone our hearts can cheer—
"Christmas comes but once a year!"

Rest you, merry gentlemen! Deck your chandeliers with wreaths and ruin the gilt finish! Fetch forth the Yule log, and let us see if we cannot set our chimneys on fire! Garnish the tables with plum puddings and mince pies and bid the family physician hither to gloat! On with the dance. Let joy reign unconfined. Christmas has come!

If one would learn how Christmas should be celebrated, let him consult the faddists, for they alone know, and at least one idea evolved by them may become popular. A family of six, which has been accustomed in former years to spend much time and money in the search for gifts, has this year set a most sensible example. Each member gives to each of the other five a twenty dollar bill, with a card bearing these words: "Buy something with this to remember me by. Merry Christmas!" A brief mental calculation will demonstrate the pleasing result of this transaction. Each has done his duty by the rest of the family, and each emerges unharmed from the fray. It is free trade, protection, and reciprocity, all in one, as well as an exhibition of diplomacy hard to equal.

The mistletoe fad grows apace. To be sure, there is a lamentable laxity prevalent in regard to enforcing the privilege associated therewith, but the romantic parasite comes to New York by the ton and finds a ready market. For the nonce, our débutantes discard ribbons and flowers and wear mistletoe in their hair instead. This may be innocence or craft, according to the débutante, and according, also, to the observer's point of view. The fashion might be described as a perpetual opportunity.

The owner of a large country house near New York, who is addicted to faddish fancies, has planned for Christmas a return to the ways of a hundred years ago. The village choir boys are to make the midnight air ring to carols and be welcomed like the waifs of old. In due course the Yule log is to be lighted, and the wassail is to flow. The celebration culminates in a "masque" and "Sir Roger de Coverley," and the guests will return to the commonplaces of town life saturated with Christmas sentiment. It remains to be seen whether any one present will know how to concoct wassail or trip "Sir Roger" correctly. Perhaps the difference between the wassail and a more familiar punch will not be apparent, and perhaps "Sir Roger" will degen-

erate into a Virginia reel; but these are minor considerations. It is not good form to be too particular about correctness in details.

A FAD IN RHYME.

The very latest thing in pets is the mud turtle.
—Daily Paper.

The marmoset's palatial cage
Is empty, and the green canary,
That yesterday was all the rage,
Is victim to a new vagary;
The gold chameleon, trained to rove
In happy state about your kirtle,
Is seen no more. You give your love
Unto a turtle!

Oh, fickle maid! This leathern leash
Chained first a pug and then a collie.
These passed. You bought a French *caniche*,
And now you have a newer folly.
You wept when these companions died,
And planted all their graves with myrtle;
But now, consoled, you dote with pride
Upon a turtle.

You love a damp, amphibious beast,
Constructed as but very few are,
Who has this kindred charm, at least,
That he is quite as cold as you are!
Your suitors bend their suppliant knees,
Around you protestations hurtle—
You have no smile for such as these;
You love a turtle!

So who would be a pampered pet,
When day and night such fears oppress one
Of being soon forgot?—and yet
A day or two her hands caress one!
Oh, fickle maid! I might agree
To die, and planted be with myrtle,
If while I lived fate made of me
My lady's turtle!

THE SKIRLING SCOT.

"When you have a party," Ernestine went on, "he will stand in the hall; and although you may not care to have him playing the pipes all the time, he looks well and everybody will speak to him."

It may be that the above, from Mrs. Stannard's "Truth Tellers," and the fact that the *Tammas* referred to actually did play at one of *Miss Mortimer's* receptions, served to suggest an innovation to London society. The news that bagpipes for swagger functions are coming into favor is forwarded from England, and we may yet have the pleasure of hearing them in New York drawing rooms. The "pleasure" is perhaps a mixed one. There is a time and place for all things, bagpipes not excepted, and we make free to suggest that to

ears untrained the piper's "skirling" will be somewhat trying when heard at close quarters. When the Black Watch sallies forth from Edinburgh Castle with its pipers in the van and the whole tolerant vault of sky above them to receive the shrillness of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," it is all well enough; but in a group of palms at an afternoon tea—awee! lad, yon piper's a braw mon and skirls bonny airs enow, but we can e'en do wi'oot him noo and again!

If indeed we are to ostracize our Hungarian orchestras and joyously cleave to this new fad, some change will be necessary in Oliver Wendell Holmes' famous definition of a tea. We may very possibly gobble, and we shall very probably "git," but gabbling will be entirely out of the question. A bagpipe is, in a way, like a boiler explosion. It reduces side issues to insignificance, and commands the sole and undivided attention of every one in its immediate vicinity. The deservedly popular pastime of gently rending in twain the reputations of our kinsfolk and acquaintances, the delicious privilege of exchanging stolen words with *her* under society's unsuspecting nose, the inestimable pleasure of talking with tire-some people about something in which one has not the slightest interest—all these diversions, with which we have been wont to enliven that favored function, the afternoon tea, will be done away with utterly on the day when some faddish hostess shall set the pace for society by placing a piper in her hall. Of course "everybody will speak to him"—or of him—and the words will be fearful and wonderful to hear! But London has decreed that a piper is the thing, and New York, ever consistently Anglophile, will follow.

The silver lining to the cloud impending upon the winter season lies in the fact that when invited guests are aware of what is in store for them, and learn that the chatter of the belles of New York is to be drowned out by the strains of "The Blue Bells of Scotland," no one will come—at which, no doubt, the hostess will be immensely relieved! After all the bagpipes have their useful side.

THE SURPRISING POPULARITY OF THE GAMIN.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view" applies, in the minds of most persons, most fitly to the small street arab. He is exceedingly picturesque in photographs, and unnaturally clean and attractive in the paintings of Mr. J. G. Brown, but to see him at his best one should reverse the opera glasses. Illusions are destroyed by coming to close quarters with the gamin, who has been cleverly called "the little unwashed." And yet of late he has attained a social status and is becoming, in his way, a lion. It is not merely due to Mr. Woolf's emphasizing of his humorous qualities, or to Mr. Crane's elaborations of his profanity. As in Mr. Brown's paintings, he is here seen through a glass darkly. More than this, he seems to appeal irresistibly to the American girl whose fad is charity. He is

sought out and tracked to his lair, placated with unheard of offerings, and received in the drawing rooms of the 400.

It was only the other day that a man walking with one of last winter's "buds" was surprised to see her bowing graciously to a deplorably forlorn little person selling papers on a corner. "That is Tommy Rafferty," she explained. "He's a great friend of mine. He lunched with me last week and kissed me when he left. He's awfully amusing." The man, who had never been invited to lunch at her house, though he would have given his head for the privilege, and who would as soon have thought of kissing her as of attempting to fly, was duly impressed with the advantages possessed by a street urchin over a mere ordinary mortal. It is discouraging to wash one's face conscientiously for twenty five years, and then to behold the triumph of Tommy Rafferty.

Another man has not forgotten an afternoon at a Massachusetts country house, when he was waiting for the mail in company with three remarkably pretty girls. It finally appeared, borne by a small boy who was unmistakably a stranger to shoes, soap, and society. Yet he was the recipient of sundry extravagant compliments, and was kissed, not by one, but by three!

Three of these arabs were discovered not long since in a state of terrific hilarity in the hall of a Fifth Avenue residence. They had feasted sumptuously, attended by their hostess, and were, as a variety, applying the science and art of tobogganing to the stair rail. "I have them here every month," said the girl with the gamin fad. "I give them ice cream and read to them, and afterwards they slide down the balusters. Just now I'm busy. Come in an hour and I'll give you some tea."

O tempora! O mores! Shall we despise the "little unwashed"? Nay, more, shall we pity him? Let us rather be envious, for his lines are cast in pleasant places!

THE BOUQUET LAMP.

If the inhabitants of the planet Mars own a large telescope and a sense of humor, they must find that a contemplation of what we of this planet are pleased to term civilization presents some moving spectacles. It must puzzle the Martians to guess why everybody should all at once begin to do a certain thing without any apparent reason, unless they also are the victims of human nature. Just at the present time they are doubtless wondering why the up to date young woman is carrying a tiny lantern in her bouquet. It cannot be that she needs something to shed a light upon her path—"a lamp unto her feet." She knows her way about even in the dark.

These little golden lanterns might be votive offerings from those who would worship, and we may soon see a girl's popularity measured, like that of a saint's, by the number of lamps before her.

A popular girl, when her table is loaded with flowers, has always found it an awkward thing

to decide which bouquet to carry. Nowadays she may gather a lamp from each, and go glittering to rout or ball. The footlight favorite may hang her lamps across the front of the stage, and let the records of her triumphs be read from season to season. It will make a display even more conspicuous than diamonds. The young woman who has personal reasons for refusing diamonds, and whose flowers fade, may keep her trophy lamps.

It has been suggested that some young society girls buy their lamps, but that is a matter of small importance, as in the present state of society it generally occurs that the young woman who can surround herself with the settings of a shrine gets the worship, and one lamp follows another. Human nature prays to the popular saint.

THE FINE ART OF SUBSCRIBING ONESELF.

Long, long ago she promised me
Her love, her heart, her hand;
And why she jilted me anon
'Twas hard to understand.
But harder yet to fathom is
Why now her notes should be
Signed "Very truly yours," or, worse,
"Yours very faithfully!"

There is food for reflection in this bit of doggerel. Of all the pleasing little prevarications that flesh is heir to, the subscriptions to our letters are the most flagrantly false. It is not enough for us to write abusively to some one, accuse him of mendacity, duplicity, and dishonorable motives; we add insult to injury by that final "Yours respectfully," which presents so beautifully ironic a finish to the letter. In nine cases out of ten—nay, ninety nine out of a hundred—when one's correspondent uses one or another of these set phrases he would be very properly shocked and chagrined to be taken at his word. If one doubts this, let him endeavor to make use of the man who writes "at your service" or "yours to command" so readily.

Those persons who make a fine art of letter writing nowadays have set their wits to work to avoid employing conventional subscriptions. In the light correspondence of society this is particularly apparent—in fact, it is perceptible here alone. Business men have no time for fads. The result of such an endeavor to eschew the commonplace produces curious and not unpleasing results. It is something to get away from conventionality and to meet with the unexpected in one's letters. When we turn the page and find instead of "faithfully" or "sincerely," the odd expression "in no wise otherwise than yours," we become conscious of a respect for the man who invented it. That it relieves monotony entitles it to consideration.

Of course all this is an affectation. It bears the marks of thought. It is artificial. But, mark you, it is new! And, after all, there can be no absolute spontaneity in writing; and so, since this is true, why not make one's letters picturesque? "In no wise otherwise than

yours" is but one of a number of quaint phrases that have sprung up of late. "Yours to do with as you will," "Yours faithfully, as sincerely meant as written," are two others, and "Yours I am always, whether you will or no," a third.

A forcible illustration of this growing particularity in correspondence was furnished the other day by a New York girl who had invited two men to luncheon. Laying their replies side by side, she remarked, "The old style and the new." The notes were as follows:

I shall be most happy, I assure you, to accept your very kind invitation for next Friday. Believe me,

Sincerely yours.

"The truth" is I am always glad of such an invitation as yours, "the whole truth" is that I am glad *because* it is yours, and when I say that I shall think of it constantly until the day, you have the rest of the legal phrase and "nothing but the truth." And so I am yours in all sincerity and gratitude.

The choice is easy. Such forms as the latter may be affectations, but they show that one's correspondent has thought that what is worth saying at all is worth saying well.

THE TATTOOED MAN.

It is probable that Lombroso did not know that tattooing was fashionable, or he would not have been unkind enough to say such harsh things about it. We cannot believe that it is truly the mark of a degenerate mind and criminal tendencies, when we know the names of young men in the highest society who are thus decorated. The instances quoted by the criminologist are very incomplete, when compared with the gorgeous developments of the fad occasionally seen in the Turkish baths at the clubs.

A titled Englishman who used to belong to the Prince of Wales' set in London, and whose name is known as one of the greatest hunters of big game in the world, and also as one of the gentlemen who were guests at Tranby Croft upon a celebrated occasion, has one of the finest examples of tattooing known since the death of the Greek exile whose variegated epidermis was the delight of our youthful visits to Barnum's circus. He bears his very ancient coat of arms on his chest, and dragons twining around his arms; while around his ankles are delicately shaded presentments of flower pots, as if his feet had broken out the bottoms. Growing out of them are rose vines.

An English earl who married an American girl two or three years ago runs this gentleman a close second. Quite recently the great grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence had himself tattooed after a fashion in which his distinguished ancestor would certainly have delighted. On his broad back a lady in ballet costume waves the American flag, for whose honor many of his family have laid down their lives.

And yet Lombroso was cruel enough to say that tattooing was a sign of a degenerate mind!

ETCHINGS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL OF CROMWELL'S TIME.

CHRISTMAS Eve in Eldore village,
Two long centuries ago,
Found the streets deserted, empty,
Covered with untrodden snow.
Silence with the darkness deepened;
Not a sound, no light aglow;
Shutters barred hid frightened faces
Full of dread and woe.

Christmas Eve, but what a Christmas!
Fear for gladness, care for joy,
For the Puritans were coming
Christmas customs to destroy.
"Christmas is a heathen fast day,
All who keep it are defiled;"
So the Roundheads spoke; all trembled—
All save one, a child.

By some strange mischance a choir boy,
Sweetest singer of them all,
Had not heard the evil tidings,
Listened for the well known call;
Entered in the old cathedral,
Wondering none were with him there;
Thought to practise, while he waited,
Christmas carols fair.

Now along the whitened roadway
Came the steady tramp of feet—
Stern, determined, gray garbed soldiers,
Marching to a muffled beat.
Soon the light from the cathedral
Streamed out full across their path,
And the regiment, long silent,
Stirred to sudden wrath.

"Slay these idol loving heathens!"
Called the leader, and the rest
Rushed toward the village houses,
Quick to follow his behest.
Hark! Above the growing tumult
Rose a child's voice, high and clear;
At the abbey door the captain
Paused, and stopped to hear.

Turning then, he gave a signal.
Each grim Puritan stood still,
While a boyish voice sang sweetly,
"Hallelujah! Peace! Good will!
To God be glory in the highest
Peace on earth, good will to men;
Unto us is born a Saviour—
Christ, the Lord! Amen."

When at last the anthem ended,
Strange the scene the stars looked o'er.
Lo, each man, with bared head, kneeling
Where in arms he stood before.
Rising then and shouldering matchlocks,
Silent from the town they filed;
No man saw them thence departing,
But the angels smiled.

Tired of waiting now, the choir boy
Passes out the abbey gate—
Wends alone his slow way homeward,
Wondering why "they were so late";
Wondering if "tonight the Christ child
Really would come down below,"
Wondering why there were so many
Footprints in the snow!

Mary H. Nevin.

TO MY CRITIC.

You know her not, to whose dear heart I sing
And in whose tender eyes is no disdain;
Therefore I heed not this, your caviling,
My critic, and to pity you am fain.

For while my verse you scornfully arraign,
While caustic sneers and bitter words you fling,
Beneath each phrase still lingers this re-
frain—

You know her not to whose dear heart I sing!

Stab if you will, and ply your harmless sting;
Naught shall avail, each subtle thrust is
vain;

You know her not, whose smile is like the
spring

And in whose tender eyes is no disdain.

Your will it is to censure and complain,
Hers to accept each lyric chime I ring;
For each some little word from her I gain,
Therefore I heed not this, your caviling.

Know this: the simple songs the robins bring
Are welcome to their mates as is the strain
Of Philomel to his. I brave your sting,
My critic, and to pity you am fain.

For me her fragile beauty shall remain,
For me her smile, while swift the gold days
wing!

For you shall lonely seasons wake and wane;
Dark is your lot through this one little thing—
You know her not!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

TIRED.

I SEEK no gift from your fair hands,
This Christmas, sweetheart mine;
I've many a pair of slippers to spare,
And of mouchoir cases nine.

Of picture frames I have a lot,
And cigarette cases, too;
And my pipes galore lie round the floor
And clog the chimney flue.

The same cigars you sent last year
Are here, almost intact;
The friends who smoked have long since
croaked
To pay for their rash act.

And so in solemn earnestness
I ask of you, my dear,
To spare your thrift and send no gift :
I need a rest this year.

Tom Masson.

THE RELIC VENDER.

AT Gettysburg, where brave men tried
Their strength upon the foe, and died,
I feel that my unworthy feet
Tread sacred soil—in village street,
In field and wood, on plain and hill ;
And to my pulses comes a thrill,
Looking on scenes that met their gaze
On those three bloody July days.

Shell hole and bullet mark are plain
In dwellings where the fiery rain
Fell in its fury ; even now,
Three decades afterward, the plow
Turns in the furrow rusted grape ;
Trees that have managed to escape
The relic hunter's knife, show well
Where bullets thick as hailstones fell.

A mild, persuasive man, who said
It was his native place (he fled,
Being noncombatant, the day
The troops of Lee began the fray),
Showed me his relics—all for sale.
Of each he told a thrilling tale
And gave a perfect pedigree
Which greatly interested me.

Scenting my love for souvenirs,
He poured his stories on my ears.
"Now, here," he came at length to say
In quite a confidential way,
"Is something you'll appreciate
Because it has no duplicate ;
This is the very ball that took
The life of gallant General Zook.
"Yes, 'tis indeed the fatal ball ;
A soldier who beheld him fall
Among the Wheatfield's famous dead,
Secured the bit of rebel lead ;
I bought it of him for a song,
And, prizing it, have kept it long ;"
This was the story he rehearsed—
That man in battle legends versed.

And did I purchase? My reply
Will tell you. When he finished, I,
Mourning somewhat for follies past,
An earnest gaze upon him cast.
"My friend," I said, "you need not tell
More details—I recall them well ;
When I was here two years ago,
You sold me that same ball, you know!"

Frank Roe Batchelder.

"CUPID AND MY CAMPASPE."

I AND Emelina played
At cards for kisses—what a jade
Is fortune, that would not rehearse
For me the dream of Lyly's verse !
Try as I would, the truth is this—
I could not win a single kiss ;
At such a novice in the craft
How Cupid and Campaspe laughed !

I watched her cards in such a way,
She cried, "How like a dunce you play !"
And when at last I held the jack—
The very card in all the pack
I should have thrown—she hissed at me,
"Booby !" I looked, and, wonderingly,
Saw what I had not seen for years—
My pretty Emily in tears !

Joseph Dana Miller.

DOROTHY IN SABLE.

DEMURELY down the street
She comes, my lady sweet,
From head to dainty feet
Attired to ravish ;
Graceful in every line,
In face and form divine—
Of gifts to make her shine
Nature was lavish.

Her gentle presence shares
A thousand charming airs
With everything she wears—
Her bonnet simple,
Bodice and skirt and gown—
As her soft eyes of brown
Share in her pretty frown
Or smile born dimple.

But lo, she greets my sight
No more in colors bright ;
She dons the hue of night
From shoe to feather.
Is, then, her heart in rue,
That she wears mourning new,
Not for a day or two,
But altogether ?

Yet hardly does she wear
The downcast look of care ;
Some merry, foolish air
She's softly humming ;
And, questioned, she admits
Her gown—the best of fits—
Is made of black since it's
Oh, so becoming !

Frank Roe Batchelder.

POSTPONED.

WITH cheeks that are a blossom, eyes
aglow,
She thanks me for the Christmas gift I
sent,
And then exclaims : "How dare you, sir,
to go
And buy for me a diamond ornament ?

"Is it quite proper, do you think, for me
To take from one whom I have scarcely met
A gift so gorgeous that it well might be
More fitly on a bride's fair forehead set ?

"It is, I must confess, what I've desired ;
To take it would be wrong in me, I fear ;
And yet maybe"—she spoke as one inspired—
"Twould be as well to keep it for a year."

Tom Masson.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE.

IN three States of the Union—Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah—women cast ballots in the recent Presidential election. It is by no means improbable that in 1900 there may be female voters in twice as many States.

It is also not improbable that women may take part in the next Parliamentary elections in England. British women are already admitted to the suffrage for the various forms of local authority—the town and county councils, the school board, and the board of guardians—the last named being the administrators of the laws for the relief of pauperism. To the two latter boards they are eligible as members, and not infrequently serve as such. Four years ago a bill to give them the Parliamentary franchise, on the same terms as men possess it, was defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of only twenty three. It is claimed that since that time the friends of the innovation have increased and its foes diminished. Mr. Gladstone opposed it, and so did Sir William Harcourt; but the present leader of the House, Mr. Balfour, is on record as favoring the claims of women, as is also his official chief, Lord Salisbury.

It is noteworthy that women have encountered less opposition, in England at least, in the movement for political privileges than in that for educational and professional equality with the other sex. The reason is, no doubt, that no particular class is so much interested in resisting their demand for the franchise as in repelling them where their recognition means increased business competition. Yet when they secure the franchise, they obtain a powerful weapon in their fight for other prizes.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

PERHAPS the most remarkable fact revealed by this year's government reports is the great and steady increase in the export of American manufactured goods. In former years the United States has liquidated its debts in the markets of the world, and paid the interest on foreign capital invested here, by sending abroad grain, cotton, petroleum, beef, pork, tobacco, gold, and silver—in other words, the products of its mines and farms, and little else. Now, for the first time, our factories are contributing worthily to our foreign trade. In the fiscal year ending with last June they sent out goods worth \$224,000,000, a little more than a quarter of our total exports—an unprecedented proportion. Subsequent months show a continuing increase.

People with views upon the question of protective duties may interpret this striking fact to suit themselves. It is quite possible that the tariff has had comparatively little to do with it; that it is a development that came be-

cause the time was ripe, irrespective of this or that financial statute. This was once almost entirely an agricultural country; it is the evident tendency of the times that it should become a great manufacturing country. Our commerce is sure to change in character as our industries develop.

THE COMING OF A NEW CENTURY.

THE controversy over the precise date at which the nineteenth century will end seems to prove that this busy age has time to waste; for to practical importance the question has no pretension. We shall all live just as long whether that expected age of marvels, the twentieth century, be regarded as beginning with January 1, 1900, or January 1, 1901.

The latter theory will probably find the more general acceptance. It seems tolerably clear that in any series of numbers the first hundred runs from 1 to 100, inclusive. The nineteenth century would therefore extend from 1801 to 1900, and the twentieth would begin with 1901. The opposition argument seems to be that "in concrete reckonings of time and space we do not begin with 1, but with 0." It may be replied that historians do not reckon any year 0, but set A. D. 1 immediately after B. C. 1; hence if the twentieth century begins with 1900, and consequently the second began with 100, then the first contained only ninety nine years. This is apparently a *reductio ad absurdum*, but it does not silence those who plead for the earlier date.

A hundred years ago the same question was debated with a bitterness that is said to have severed friendships and disrupted families. The fact that it is still unsettled is a curious instance of the different conclusions drawn by different people from the same facts.

SOME REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

REPORTS of recent meetings at which great sums have been raised for evangelical work have raised the question whether the profuse giving has been a gratifying evidence of religious faith or a reckless exhibition of dangerous emotionalism. According to some of the newspaper reports, it would seem as if reason could have had little to do with it. At the meeting in New York at which the "record" for contributions was broken, we read that the chief speaker prayed thus:

"If this place be not shaken before this meeting is over, may the living temples be shaken. These are awful times, O Lord! About us the earth is trembling. Death is near. All things are tottering, crumbling. All things are swaying—swaying—swaying."

The speaker's hoarsely whispering voice was so charged with a sense of impending disaster that a perceptible shiver ran through the

audience. He continued, with long pauses, which were broken only by half stifled sobs from his hearers.

And when the collection was taken up:

A sobbing and shouting throng threw into the box money, jewelry, deeds of real estate, shares of stock, and articles of clothing. They flung in their contributions in hysterical excitement. They were wrought up to frenzy.

On the other hand, it is stated that the newspaper accounts were exaggerated; that one specific story of a woman who surrendered a family heirloom, and subsequently sought to recover it, was totally untrue; that less than one per cent of the collection consisted of jewelry and watches; that "all was done very quietly, and there was no demonstration."

Whichever of these two versions be true—and we should much prefer to accept the latter—the contribution, at each of two meetings, of more than \$100,000 to pay for the preaching of Christianity among the heathen of this and other lands, shows that religious enthusiasm is not dead in this materialistic age.

A PROTEST AGAINST LITERARY GHOULS.

THE death of Du Maurier brings up again the old question how much a famous man belongs to the public after his death. It would seem to us that an author should have the privilege of knowing that he would receive the same consideration that he had while alive, and that his publisher was too honorable a man to print the scrapings of his desk—hasty or imperfect work which the public would not have accepted during his lifetime—for the purpose of making money.

This very thing is continually done, however, and it reminds one a little of selling tickets to the funeral. Victor Hugo's literary executors issued a whole library of posthumous work, stuff that Hugo never would have given out. Old things done in his callow youth were revived to detract from his glory. Stevenson's death called him to the attention of thousands of unliterary people who read only the shreds and patches of his unfinished work which were greedily taken by the publishers and sold broadcast.

Du Maurier is the last man who would have enjoyed being served up as a sensation. He was fortunate in having finished his last great book, and having left it entire for the curious world to take up. It is to be hoped that his family and friends will let his fame rest upon the solid foundation he has laid for it, and not throw the contents of his desk to the clamorers.

A man's public life should be exactly what he makes it. It is nobody's business at all whether or not the *Duchess of Towers* was drawn from life, and was some living idol or Du Maurier's from whom he was separated as widely as if he were in prison and she a great lady. We love to know that the old Paris of his books was drawn from personal observation, but into an author's private life nobody

has a right to step, nor should one of his recorded thoughts come out of his desk when he has gone where it is impossible to secure his own consent.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

No one will grudge the ancient College of New Jersey its titular promotion to be Princeton University, announced in connection with the celebration of its hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It may be urged that a position in the forefront of colleges is as honorable as one in the second rank of universities, and that the more ambitious title has been assumed by so many third and fourth rate institutions that it has lost its distinction. Princeton does not at present possess the full qualifications of a university in the strict sense of the term, or at least as it is understood in Europe. Her range of studies is incomplete in some important particulars. She has no schools of law and medicine, and no post graduate courses. It is very possible, however, that these will be organized before long. Captious critics may add that she has no 'varsity eight—a deficiency less easily supplied.

The field of Princeton's work is wide, her faculty large and able; she has a numerous body of students, drawn from all parts of the United States; she has ample resources and historic prestige, and has contributed notably to the country's intellectual life. She stands with the foremost of our educational institutions, and deserves as dignified an appellation as is borne by any of them.

WOMAN IN ANOTHER NEW RÔLE.

Is it not time to stop calling woman the weaker sex, and alleging that she is naturally disqualified for callings that demand physical strength? The Chicago press recently reported a remarkable instance of her triumphant success in a field hitherto monopolized by tyrant man—that of burglary. It seems that there has been something of an epidemic of this particular form of industry in the Lake City, two specialists, whose identity is veiled under the titles of "the long man" and "the short man," having won a prestige seldom equaled in criminal annals since the Whitechapel celebrity of Jack the Ripper. But the boldest feat of these two gentlemen was outdone by a lady housebreaker who, single handed, attacked a suburban residence containing seven inmates and defended by a ferocious dog. Her success was artistic and complete, and a brief campaign resulted in her driving away with the choicest contents of the dwelling packed in her buggy, and the ferocious dog tied under the seat. It may be noted that among the spoils seized by this eminently new woman was a pair of masculine nether integuments. On second thought, however, she rejected the garment in question, and threw it out upon the lawn, as if in deliberate scorn of an article long regarded as the special token of the other sex.

After this, let us hear no more of the exploded myth of "woman's weakness."



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"A Flower Girl."

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